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The Week

AS THE New Republic goes to press the German government has not answered the charges which the Allies have leveled against it of violating the disarmament provisions of the Treaty of Versailles. But evidently the Germans bitterly resent the interference with the details of their domestic administration which the new demands imply; and they have a right to resent it. The Allies are most unwise to dictate in so much detail how the German government shall organize and operate its pitiful little army. There is no doubt that in all essentials Germany is disarmed. She is incapable of effectively fighting even a minor power such as Czechoslovakia. Her army is devoid of equipment. It is practically devoid of machinery and raw materials with which to manufacture equipment. Its arsenals do not contain enough ammunition to permit even its small army to keep up a modern battle for two hours. So long as the Germans are incapable of fighting, why rub their impotence in? Why continue to humiliate them by insisting that their army which is already 98 percent ineffective shall be made 99 percent ineffective?

UNFORTUNATELY the answer to these questions is only too obvious. It is the deliberate French policy to take advantage of every opportunity to humiliate the Germans and to deprive them of any possible feeling of security and self-respect; and as long as this policy lasts, the foundations of European peace will become increasingly infirm. The treatment which Germany is receiving vindicates the claim which militarists have always advanced that no nation can enjoy self-content and independence without the power of self-defense. There have at times been some indications of a disposition in France to refrain from kicking and beating her defenseless enemy, but when a new and a good opportunity offers, the French government seems unable to resist; and the British government having signed the Treaty is obliged to play the accomplice. Yet this kind of treatment cannot continue. In his last speech Herr Stresemann declared in regard to the non-evacuation of Cologne that it was not a question of the fulfilment or non-fulfilment of a particular clause of a Treaty, but of the wisdom and possibility of permanently denying decent and respectful treatment to a nation of sixty millions of industrious and civilized people. It will cost Europe dear unless this truth is quickly and loyally recognized.

IT IS advisable to reserve judgment on the anti-foreign disturbances in China until we have those details of fact that are not dramatic enough to get into the news cables but may reveal the truth underlying a complicated situation. Such "anti-foreign" movements as this may spring from a genuine feeling of hostility to foreigners as such or may be the product of stupid and usually needless provocation on the part of the authorities in foreign settlements. A few Chinese factory workers go out on strike, or a band of students stages a demonstration. The foreign communities, melodramatizing themselves and their situation and taking themselves with the absurd seriousness which characterizes all white settlements in the East, rush out an imposing military display. It is an axiom of the Anglo-Indian mind and therefore of the Occidental mind all over the East that the native must be cowed at the very beginning. Machine guns are posted in the streets, mounted troops begin driving in the crowds, which

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have collected as the result of the military display rather than of the native demonstration; some native gets pushed roughly and retaliates with an epithet, he is arrested and perhaps beaten; the crowd shouts its derision and throws a few stones, the police charge; the crowd becomes ugly and makes a concerted attack, and the police have to fire to save themselves. It may then truthfully be said, as it has been said by the foreign legations in this instance, that the police fired only in self-defense. But their own officiousness created a situation which menaced them. This has been the explanation of previous affairs of the same kind in China. It is quite likely the explanation of this one.

EVEN if the originating cause were a deep hostility to all foreigners, that would not be difficult to understand. The white man in China is reaping the harvest of what he has sown for some hundred years or more. You cannot treat a whole race as helots year after year, generation on generation, without ultimately provoking retaliation. You can boot a Chinese off the sidewalk when he is in your way, throw him out of his compartment in a railway train because you want it to yourself, beat him unmercifully if he is your ricksha coolie and smash up his ricksha because he hasn't heard your command clearly enough, close the public parks and hotel dining rooms to him just because he is Chinese and though it is his own country—in short, you can comport yourself as a brute and a bully because you have the power to cow him if he demurs. But even a "yellow" Oriental will turn. And when you no longer have the power the account comes up for reckoning.

THE Chinese now realize as well as we do that the foreign nations at this time are without the power to levy punishments. They know that no single Western country or combination of countries is in a position to send a large enough military expedition to China to subdue or even effectually punish China. It would be regrettable but quite understandable if now they paid out the invading foreigner for his bullying and his brutality. Happily the Chinese are a reasonable and pacific people, little given to violence except in moments of mob passion. More likely, calm will be quickly restored and they will resume their tranquil way. Possibly the foreigners in China will be taught a lesson, but it is more likely that they will only shout the more truculently for bigger fleets and more marines in the Pacific.

AS USUAL, the stock explanation of the Chinese disturbance has been Bolshevist propaganda. Such propaganda may be present; but as we have suggested, there are other factors which would be quite sufficient to account for it if Moscow and Peking had never heard of one another. The students who began the present agitation speak bitterly of the unfairness of extra-territoriality. That doctrine has always been disliked, and at present is peculiarly obnoxious because of the developing economic situation. In the seaport cities in particular, China is undergoing a rapid process of industrialization. Factories are springing up, most of which are owned and operated by Europeans or Japanese, who are beyond the jurisdiction of the Chinese courts. In the absence of that trade unionism which, in the Western countries, now protects the workers from merciless exploitation, all the horrors of the factory system's early days are being repeated. This happens in an exaggerated degree because of the racial differences and the fact that the foreigners are above all law except that of their own making.

WHAT conditions in the factories are like, we are just beginning to get some indications. The New Statesman (London) some months ago published an article dealing with labor conditions, and specifically with child labor in the international settlement at Shanghai, which revealed a horrible state of exploitation. We now have the report of the municipal investigating commission on which the article was based, and find the charge of exploitation amply justified. The commission consisted mainly of representative manufacturers. Of the nine names of its members seven are English, one Japanese and one Chinese. Pro-Chinese bias cannot be imputed to it.

THE commission found that in the silk and cotton factories children as young as six years are employed, both in day shifts and night shifts of twelve hours, with one hour off at noon. The children are to some extent furnished by contractors who buy them from their parents for $2 a month and sell them to the factories for $4. They are miserably housed and fed and the necessary brutality is available to make them stand up to the twelve hour shift —they literally have to stand up, six hours at a stretch, in the silk filatures over boiling water. "Whilst at work many of them develop a peculiar regular and rapid up and down movement of the body by alternately relaxing and then straightening the knees." What the commission proposed for the relief of these unhappy little jumping-jacks was prohibition of employment under ten, and after four years, under twelve: no child under fourteen to be employed more than twelve hours in any day; every child under fourteen to have one continuous twenty-four hours of rest every fortnight. Before even this modest reform could be realized it was necessary for the Municipal Council to secure the consent of the "ratepayers in special meeting assembled," and a majority of the consuls and magistrates of foreign powers. We do not know what the consuls and magistrates might have done. The ratepayers, mostly foreigners, kept away from the meeting and the reform fell through for want of a quorum.

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THERE is a superabundance of reasons for the recent decline in the franc. The official revelation that under Herriot the budget was far from being balanced, that it is not balanced yet and cannot be unless new sources of revenue are found, would naturally have an unfavorable effect on the franc. Caillaux's hints at the necessity of devaluation would also work depressingly upon the large section of the public which counted on the franc's going much higher. The American demand for a settlement of the interallied debt question is an additional depressant influence. The Morocco campaign, with its prospects of mounting expenditures, must also be taken into account. With such a combination of adverse influences the franc would be shaken even if its position were fundamentally sound. That, unfortunately, is not the case. The long-run value of the franc is less than its present quotation. In the last analysis the value of the franc is bound up with the domestic debt. With the franc at five cents the domestic debt amounts to $15,000,000,000 gold, with carrying charges nearly one billion dollars a year. This is too much for the financial capacity of a nation whose entire private income is under ten billions, especially when that income is distributed as evenly as in France. With the franc at four cents the debt would be $12,000,000,000 gold—still heavy, but possibly within the financial capacity of the nation. At three cents the government could be pronounced safely solvent. Viewed in its relation to the whole financial structure the franc is worth at least three cents, and possibly four cents. Not more.

A CAPITAL levy might give the franc a value as high as five cents. But this would require a very drastic levy. A reduction in the domestic debt to 200,000,000,000 francs would put the five cent franc on a sound footing. Would it be practicable to raise by a capital levy the 100,000,000,000 francs needed to effect such a reduction in the debt? We may estimate the aggregate national capital at $80,000,000,000 in gold, of which one-half is in holdings too small to bear a capital levy. The remaining $40,000,000,000 would have to bear a levy of $5,000,000,000. No government which could be constituted in France today would be powerful enough to enforce so heavy a tax. The capital levy is politically impracticable. The only way out for French finance is to subject the franc to rigorous devaluation, fixing exchange at not more than four cents gold. This too is politically impracticable at the present time. Caillaux, who is the boldest of French politicians, does not dare to propose a lower level than five cents. Apparently a rational ordering of French finances cannot come before a panic has driven the franc so far below four cents that the government may seem to be conferring a boon in fixing it at that figure. But several governments will fall while the readjustments are making.

THE $50,000,000 credit granted to Italy by American bankers insures the lira against being involved in the decline of the franc. Mussolini can rig the market, if necessary. As a temporary expedient, this is an effective way of controlling the situation. We may recall the influence exerted by the Morgan loan a year ago in saving the franc from collapse. But the franc is again in trouble, and the lira also will prove unmanageable, unless the budget is balanced in reality, instead of in appearance, and progress is made toward lightening the burden of the debt. It might be presumed that the financiers assured themselves of the fundamental soundness of Italian finance before they extended this credit, but the same presumption could have been made with respect to the Morgan loan to France, and the French finances of a year ago are now universally admitted to have been far from sound. It is easy to infer too much from the action of financiers. In the case of the French loan the financiers were insured against loss by the ear-marking of part of the French gold reserve. Mussolini denies that any such security has been given. This may be true, in a formal sense; nevertheless, we suspect that the financiers have moral grounds for believing that in case of a general collapse of Italian finance they will have a first claim upon the gold reserve.

THE inherent unfairness of the injunction in labor disputes was never better illustrated than by the restraining order issued by Federal Judge W. E. Baker against the United Mine Workers of America on the application of nineteen coal companies in the Panhandle district of West Virginia. The temporary injunction, if issued, will seek to prevent the union from attempting to organize the district on the ground that an agreement in 1898 between the union and operators of the Central Competitive Field is in violation of the Clayton Act and is a conspiracy to eliminate competition in the industry. A determination of the validity of this charge will demand intricate considerations of law and broad considerations of policy. The union admittedly wants to organize all coal miners and make agreements about wages and working conditions with all operators. Without doing so it cannot, in this overdeveloped industry, maintain decent conditions even for its present members. Does the fact that it has already achieved part of its purpose, has made agreements with some groups of operators, and has included in those agreements the check-off system of collecting dues, constitute a conspiracy in restraint of trade? Must competition in the coal industry be carried to the extent of forcing miners below a minimum of subsistence? Is the kind of monopoly achieved by a successful union an unreasonable and undesirable restraint of trade?

IT IS by no means certain that the courts will eventually hold so. Yet it will take months or perhaps years to reach a final decision, and meanwhile, in

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practice, the issue is decided against the miners. Now is the crucial struggle for the union: the industry is in depression, mines are passing out of production, and many which succeed in living exploit non-union labor, pay indecent wages, and thus undercut union establishments. If the union is finally sustained in law, there may be no union to use the victory. The supposed purpose of the injunction is to prevent an irreparable injury to the rights or property of persons, when there is no other adequate remedy at law. But in this case, as in so many other labor injunctions, the practical result—provided the injunction is effective—may easily be to inflict an irreparable injury upon those against whom it is issued. No injury which organization of the non-union mines could conceivably inflict on their owners or upon the public is comparable with the injury to the miner and the public which would certainly follow the loss of an effective miners' union and the depression of miners' living conditions, through cut-throat competition, below humane standards.

NEW YORK CITY is approaching a municipal election in which Mayor John F. Hylan hopes to succeed himself. Mayor Hylan's chief, not to say only, political issue is the maintenance of the five-cent subway fare. His enemies therefore went into ecstasies when they discovered a few days ago that his own pet project for building badly needed additional lines included a joker which requires that after a short period of time, interest on the cost of the operation shall be paid out of current revenue. The engineers estimate that this will only be possible by charging at least an eight-cent fare. Therefore it is assumed that Mayor Hylan is hoist by his own petard, and loud are the hosannas thereat.

WE THINK the rejoicings are premature. The citizenry of New York, if the past is a guide to the future, are quite capable of electing a man to office on a platform proved in advance to be impossible of execution. However, what we are particularly interested in is the assumption made by practically everyone that it is the worst sort of sin for rapid transit lines to charge a fare which is less than cost. The argument runs that the loss in such a case is made up by levying increased taxes on property, which are reflected in higher rents; that the "spread" in each case is wider than is necessary, and that therefore the average, rent-paying citizen is gouged more severely than if he paid, each time he boarded a train, a fare of the size needed to keep the system in operation. This argument might have some merit in a community where landlords operated on a cost-plus basis, competing with one another for tenants and shaving rents to the lowest point they could. But in New York and most American communities today no such condition exists. There is a shortage of housing, and the landlord gets all that the traffic will bear—which means as large a part of its total income as the average family in each class dares sacrifice. An increase in fares means an increase in congestion in the centre of the city, and therefore, higher profits to landlords whose property is located there. Low fares mean that population tends to spread, increasing land values on the outskirts.

AN EXCELLENT argument can be made for the proposal that no fares at all should be charged to riders on street railway lines. No American owner of a skyscraper would dream of charging for a trip up or down in his elevators. He counts the cost of operating them as part of his general overhead, which is worth paying because it makes his office space—especially on the upper floors—more valuable to tenants. Any municipality daring enough to try the experiment of purchasing its transit lines and operating them free of charge would discover, first that a large part of the aforesaid operating cost comes from the expense of collecting fares; and second, that free transportation would create a huge and rapid increase in land values in the suburbs, adding enormously to the community's taxable wealth. If, like some European cities, it were shrewd enough to purchase its own outlying districts at an early date, holding them in perpetuity and leasing them—but why talk about American municipalities as though they were operated with common sense? The very suggestion is Utopian.

Can the Supreme Court Guarantee Toleration?

IN 1922 Oregon passed an Education Act with "the manifest purpose," in the language of the Supreme Court of the United States, "to compel general attendance at public schools by normal children, between eight and sixteen, who have not completed the eighth grade." The Act was to become effective September 1, 1926. Two years before the new dispensation became operative, two private schools—a Catholic institution and a military academy—sought to enjoin the future enforcement of the Act. This was the legal machinery by which the Supreme Court was enabled to invalidate the notorious Oregon legislation. Inasmuch as our legal system affords judicial relief only when a plaintiff shows some direct personal grievance, it was necessary to find some present threatened interest of the Society of Sisters and the Hill Military Academy to justify the issuance of an injunction against the enforcement of a law which would not come into being for two years. This it is that led the Supreme Court to find as the immediate basis of the claims of the plaintiffs in the Oregon cases the so-called property interests of the two institutions, now endangered because of the necessity of making long-term contracts. The plaintiffs' property interest gave the court "jurisdiction"; it has

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also led to an undue emphasis in the reports of, and comments upon, the Oregon decision.

The offense of the law was a much more far-reaching one. It is summed up in the following sentence of Mr. Justice McReynolds's opinion: "The fundamental theory of liberty upon which all governments in this union repose excludes any general power of the state to standardize its children by forcing them to accept instruction from public teachers only." Thus comes to end the effort to regiment the mental life of Americans through coerced public school instruction. Two years ago the Supreme Court invalidated legislation ultimately rooted in the same attitude of intolerance, which led Nebraska, Iowa and Ohio to prohibit the teaching of any other modern language except English in any school, public or private, during the tender years of youth. And perhaps within two years the Supreme Court will exercise its veto against the Bryan movement already embodied in Tennessee law which finds the test of truth in Bible stories.

The Oregon decision, like its Nebraska forerunner, in and of itself, gives just cause for rejoicing. The Supreme Court did immediate service on behalf of the essential spirit of liberalism. It put the quietus on two striking manifestations of post-war obscurantism. But the Oregon case again opens up two wider issues. It raises a new consideration of the Supreme Court's function in the American political scheme. It calls for a more rigorous appraisal of the actual encouragement to liberalism afforded by judicial nullification of anti-liberal legislation.

Great argument is drawn from both the Oregon and the earlier Nebraska case for the beneficent value inhering in the scope of judicial review over the social legislation of the states by the United States Supreme Court. But, of course, the Oregon case alone does not tell the tale. It is only one in a series, which has been spun profusely out of the fateful words of the Fourteenth Amendment. "No state shall . . . deprive any person of life, liberty or property without due process of law," are the vague words which hold the power of life and death over state action. These words mean what the shifting personnel of the United States Supreme Court from time to time makes them mean. The inclination of a single Justice, the tip of his mind—or his fears—determines the opportunity of a much-needed social experiment to survive, or frustrates, at least for a long time, intelligent attempt to deal with a social evil. Equally, of course, these words may be availed of, as is shown in the Oregon case, to stifle certainly for the moment the recrudescence of intolerance. Before one can find in the Oregon case proof of the social value of the Supreme Court's scope of judicial review a balance must be struck of all the cases that have been decided under the Fourteenth Amendment. In rejoicing over the Nebraska and the Oregon cases, we must not forget that a heavy price has to be paid for these occasional services to liberalism. The New York bakeshop case, the invalidation of anti-trade union laws, the sanctification of the injunction in labor cases, the veto of minimum wage legislation, are not wiped out by the Oregon decision. They weigh heavily in any full accounting of the gains and losses to our national life due to the Supreme Court's control of legislation by the states that does not involve an arbitrament between state and national powers, such as arises when purely state legislation encroaches upon the commerce powers of the federal government. No calculus has yet been invented to make such a precise accounting.

For ourselves, we regard the cost of this power of the Supreme Court on the whole as greater than its gains. After all, the hysteria and chauvinism that forbade the teaching of German in Nebraska schools may subside, and with its subsidence bring repeal of the silly measure; the narrow margin by which the Oregon law was carried in 1922 may, with invigorated effort on the part of the liberal forces, result in its repeal, at least by a narrow margin. But when the Supreme Court strikes down legislation directed against trade unions, or enshrines the labor injunction into the Constitution, or denies to women in industry the meagre protection of minimum wage legislation, we are faced with action more far-reaching, because ever so much more durable and authoritative than even the most mischievous of repealable state legislation.

And this brings us to consider the intrinsic promotion of the liberal spirit by the Supreme Court's invalidation of illiberal legislation. It must never be forgotten that our constant preoccupation with the constitutionality of legislation rather than its wisdom tends to preoccupation of the American mind with a false value. Even the most rampant worshipper of judicial supremacy admits that wisdom and justice are not the tests of constitutionality. Even the extreme right of the Supreme Court occasionally sustain laws which they abominate. But the tendency of focusing attention on constitutionality is to make constitutionality synonymous with propriety; to regard a law as all right so long as it is "constitutional." Such an attitude is a great enemy of liberalism. Particularly in legislation affecting freedom of thought and freedom of speech much that is highly illiberal would be clearly constitutional. Reliance for the most precious interests of civilization, therefore, must be found outside of their vindication under the guarantees of the Constitution—particularly as those guarantees are likely to be construed in the future as they have been in the past. It is not without significance that, much as he undoubtedly disliked the mischievous policy of the laws prohibiting the teaching of foreign languages, Mr. Justice Holmes found it necessary to dissent in the Nebraska school law case. And in the Oregon case the Supreme Court has temptingly

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indicated to those bent on coercion how much room for mischief there is still left under the ægis of the Constitution:

> No question is raised concerning the power of the state reasonably to regulate all schools, to inspect, supervise and examine them, their teachers and pupils; to require that all children of proper age attend some school, that teachers shall be of good moral character and patriotic disposition, that certain studies plainly essential to good citizenship must be taught, and that nothing be taught which is manifestly inimical to the public welfare.

We need not labor the ambiguities which lurk in such loose phrases as "patriotic disposition" or "studies plainly essential to good citizenship." Here is ample room for the patrioteers to roll in their Trojan horses. And here is ample warning to the liberal forces that the real battles of liberalism are not won in the Supreme Court. To a large extent the Supreme Court, under the guise of constitutional interpretation of words whose contents are derived from the disposition of the Justices, is the reflector of that impalpable but controlling thing, the general drift of public opinion. Only a persistent, positive translation of the liberal faith into the thoughts and acts of the community is the real reliance against the unabated temptation to straitjacket the human mind.

An American Contribution to European Peace

THE agitation which is now being carried on by American citizens on behalf of American coöperation in European attempts to organize peace is, as those who carry it on well know, not particularly effective. They are concentrating at present on the effort to secure American adhesion to the World Court, but this program has not sufficient scope to arouse much enthusiasm. Nor is it entirely sincere. Those who are fighting for it know perfectly well that the Court, as organized and even if strengthened by the adhesion of the United States, will not possess the prestige or the power to avert the threatened renewal of general war. The only international conflicts which it will have the authority to adjudicate are the kind of conflicts which have in the past rarely resulted in hostilities. The American friends of organized peace are supporting the proposal, not because it fulfills their aspirations or represents a sufficient American contribution to the task of averting war, but because it has some chance of being adopted. After it is adopted they hope to use it as a platform from which they can agitate in favor of their ultimate goal—which is the acceptance by the United States of the full responsibilities of a member of the League of Nations.

The lack of candor of this program of peace agitation is obvious. In order to secure the adhesion by the American government to the World Court, its friends are insisting that it does not commit the United States to any participation in the extensive and ambiguous political responsibilities of the League. Yet they hope that somehow the American government will as a result of joining the Court become increasingly entangled in European controversies, and they plan to use the new affiliation as a leverage with which to produce this result. In so doing they may be playing shrewd politics, but we doubt whether they are promoting the cause which they have most at heart. They are advancing as the chief reason for joining the Court an argument which, if it proves to be valid, will extinguish a large part of their own interest in the proposal. They are trying, that is, to put something over on American public opinion. In spite of all the pro-League agitation, in spite of an increasingly widespread popular conviction in this country in favor of organized peace, there is almost certainly a more definite disposition among the American people not to undertake unlimited political liabilities in Europe than there was in 1919-20. If the proposal to join the Court were advocated frankly as an advance towards the assumption of such responsibilities, it would not have a chance.

In their efforts to play successful politics in this country American pacifists have failed to keep abreast of the transformation which is actually taking place in the program of peace organization in Europe. While our League advocates are preoccupied with their defeat of 1919-20, while they are considering ways and means of reversing that verdict, the European governments have reluctantly accepted it and are working along different lines. Both the Protocol and the proposed five power security compact are essentially propositions to organize peace in Europe without the positive and necessary coöperation of the United States; and in that respect they are projects which are likely to remove the most formidable obstacles to such coöperation. The price for European peace should be paid chiefly by the European peoples. The United States may come in to provide support and increased scope for a solvent enterprise but not to pull the chestnuts of an essentially insolvent concern out of the fire. The friends of organized peace in this country have not sufficiently understood this desirable limitation of their activity. Nor have they adjusted themselves to the meaning of the new European projects. Their inability to adapt their own program to the immediate needs of the European peace movement is an illustration of the sluggishness of American public opinion in responding to the drift of European politics. This sluggishness and the consequent misunderstanding of what is actually taking place are a sufficient reason for the exercise of caution on the part of the United States in assuming political responsibilities in Europe.

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It is particularly desirable that something should be done by this country in the near future to improve the prospects both of the security compact and of the Protocol. The latter is not by any means dead. The security compact, if it is successfully negotiated, will enormously improve the chance of outlawing aggressive war in Europe by treaty; and overt American sympathy with the effort of Germany and France to obtain joint security will do much to make the effort successful. So far as the Protocol is concerned there is a still more effective way for American pacifists to render assistance to the European efforts to organize peace. Without in any way raising the question as to positive assumption by the United States of the liabilities of a member of the League, they can work in favor of a formal declaration by the American executive which will impair the force of the most important reason of the British government for refusing to ratify—which is the fear that the fulfilment of its responsibilities as the dominant sea power in the European waters, under the Protocol, might involve it in a conflict with the United States.

A resolution was adopted at a recent Massachusetts Congregational Conference which suggests a perfectly practicable way in which the United States can help to have the Protocol adopted in Europe without assuming any positive responsibilities for European political solvency. The resolution reads:

> WHEREAS, this Conference recognizes that aggressive war is the supreme international crime,
>
> And that by the insistence upon the exercise of full neutral rights in case of such a war we might become the accomplices of the aggressor.
>
> And that the mere possibility of such an insistence upon our part today constitutes an obstacle to plans by other powers for the prevention of aggressive war,
>
> RESOLVED, that this Conference, representing the Congregational Churches of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, memorialize the President of the United States to declare as a matter of general policy that, in case of war between states which have accepted tests of aggression as applying among themselves, this country will not so interpret its rights as to furnish support to a power which has become a self-confessed aggressor.
>
> RESOLVED, that this Conference also memorialize the National Council of Congregational Churches, meeting in Washington in October, to give consideration to this resolution.

The protection which such a declaration of policy by the American government would afford to the British government and the desirability of such protection are easily demonstrable. Whenever a nation was condemned as the instigator of an aggressive war under a Protocol, the responsibilities of which had been accepted by the British government, the British navy would presumably be required to blockade the offender. The question is whether the United States would invoke any of the precedents of pre-war marine law in order to embarrass such a blockade. The proposed declarations by the President would dispose of this question. Although the United States would not participate in the blockade, it would by issuing the proposed declaration promise to recognize the legality of the international penalty which the British navy was executing on the offending nation. Its neutrality would be benevolent. It would not only refuse to assist the offenders by selling to them any supplies, but it of course would exempt Great Britain from responsibility for the consequent injury to American commerce.

The President should under pressure be willing to utter such a promise and Congress to pass a confirmatory resolution. Assuming that the Protocol is adopted, it would be inconceivable for the United States to lend assistance to a nation whose European associates had charged it with the crime of waging aggressive war, and, if the idea of carrying on trade with such an offender is inconceivable and abhorrent, why should not the American government anticipate the inevitable predicament and promise to behave as it would in the end certainly have to behave? No doubt it would by uttering such a promise lend assistance to the execution of a verdict which it had not explicitly joined in approving but the United States cannot in the circumstances avoid the assumption of some measure of questionable responsibility. While it is free, if it pleases, not to share in the legal process whereby the verdict is reached, it cannot without self-contempt associate with a nation which Europe had condemned as an outlaw. Why, consequently, should it not pledge itself in advance to assume an attitude of connivance? The utterance of such a pledge would not be an empty or impracticable gesture. It would tend to bring the Protocol into effective legal existence by impairing the force of the reasons which Great Britain now has for staying out, and it would assure to the peacemakers of Europe the existence of a benevolent disposition on the part of this country. The American pacifists would gain an immediate objective for their labors which, in so far as they succeeded, would for the time being represent their maximum contribution to the cause of organized peace in Europe.

Union "Interference" with Industry

REGULATION of industry is usually associated with interference by the state: state agencies, such as legislatures, commissions, judges, all endeavor to safeguard competitors, consumers and workers against the damage which at times results from the uncontrolled operation of economic

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forces. There are, however, industries in which the government cannot intervene. Such industries must in the present state of the Constitution learn to regulate themselves. In the garment industry of New York City a complex and unhappy economic situation is forcing just such coöperative regulation from within. The initiative has come from the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, which in the effort to improve wages, hours, and sanitary working conditions has been blocked by the economic development of the industry.

The New York cloak and suit industry, employing today 40,000 workers and producing 80 percent of the women's coats and suits manufactured in the United States, has had a varied and colorful history. Before the days of effective factory laws and strong unions, it was like the other needle trades, notorious for the worst sweatshops in the country. For twenty years attempts at organization were unsuccessful; suddenly the great strike of 1910 galvanized the motley army of immigrant cloakmakers into a powerful and stable union. A collective agreement with the Manufacturers' Association—the famous Protocol—created an Arbitration Board headed by Mr. (now Justice) Brandeis. In the course of a few years the market became thoroughly unionized, various abuses disappeared and, under the supervision of an inspection bureau supported by union and employers together, sanitary and safety conditions improved.

Deplorable though conditions had been prior to the strike, the structure of the industry at that time really favored union control. Most of the workers were employed in relatively large factories conducted by manufacturers who furnished their own cloth and designs, and who sold direct to the trade. The employer could be easily located, watched, and penalized for violations of the agreement. As rents mounted and union regulations became more burdensome, however, production began to leak away from the large well controlled "inside" factories to smaller "contract" shops much more difficult to control. Because of certain peculiarities of the needle trades, these small productive units enjoyed a competitive advantage over larger units on the cheaper grades of work. In the first place in this industry the worker, not the machinery, sets the pace. Consequently the boss of a small shop, in close contact with every worker, can by personal driving maintain a faster rate of output than the foreman of a big factory. Secondly, the trade is subject to violent seasonal fluctuations—a short, intensely busy season in the spring and the fall is followed by prolonged dullness; the overhead costs of idle plant in large factories soon become prohibitive. Certain managerial functions, however, such as the purchase of cloth, the designing and sale of finished garments, cannot be so efficiently performed by the small-scale employer. He, therefore, merely supervises the manufacture of garments, receiving pattern and materials from another entrepreneur, and returning to his patron the finished garment for marketing. This constitutes the "contract" system.

Between 1910 and 1914 manufacturers, while keeping a certain volume of the work in their own factories, began to farm out an increasing proportion to contractors. The union tried to stop the leak by requiring manufacturers to register all their contractors with the union and to limit the number employed according to the manufacturer's volume of production. But before these regulations could show results, the industry discovered a still more profitable and flexible combination of large-scale distributor with small-scale producer, namely, a type of manufacturer without a factory of his own, who produces garments entirely through contractors. (In the cloak and suit trade contractors working for jobbers are called "sub-manufacturers.") The former is known in the trade as a jobber, although his job lots are all made to order for him, from materials supplied by him. So well adapted is this "jobbing" to the peculiarities of the industry that it is rapidly displacing "inside" manufacturing for all except the highest grade of work. Seventy-five percent of the New York product is now handled by jobbers and their contractors; only 25 percent by the manufacturers proper.

Thus a small number of well known, stable houses, employing from forty to one hundred workers on their own premises, have been displaced by a very large number of shops employing each ten, fifteen, and twenty workers, located in cheaper, less conspicuous and poorer premises. The change has intensified competition, undermined union standards and greatly complicated the union's task of organization and enforcement. For only a few weeks in the year is there enough work to keep all the shops busy full time. After the peak has been passed there is no lower limit to which competitive bidding of contractors for a steadily shrinking volume of orders may not drive prices. The contractors' profit goes; nibbling at union standards begins, for the jobber has been under no obligation to cover a minimum labor cost at union rates in the price which he pays to the contractor. Since employment at any price is at the moment better than unemployment, the workers are sometimes willing to connive at the breach of rules if they are not detected by the union agents. Intense competition results in high business mortality; yet so little capital, foresight or managerial ability is required to set up a shop that a new crop is constantly assured and even repeated failure constitutes no lasting rebuff. The resulting multitude of small, transient, inconspicuous shops are notoriously difficult to police. Union standards exist often in name only, at the mercy of overpowering economic circumstances.

If union standards are to be made a reality, some means must be found for mitigating the cut-throat

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competition among the contractors, by eliminating the least stable and least efficient. In June, 1924, the union demanded an agreement with the Jobbers' Association providing for control of their contractors along somewhat the same lines applied to contractors working for inside manufacturers. The contractors' association also demanded an agreement with the jobbers to regulate the fixing of prices for their work. The jobbers, however, refused to go further than the agreement made in 1919 to deal with union contractors only. At the same time the association of inside manufacturers, which had been dealing with the union almost uninterruptedly for fifteen years, refused to renew its agreement, blaming the union rules for their loss of business to the jobbers.

Governor Smith after hearing all sides appointed a mediation commission which at this point was able to avert a strike by arranging temporary agreements between the union, jobbers and manufacturers, and between the jobbers and their contractors. Decision upon the union's plan for regulation of contractors was postponed pending a factual investigation by an impartial body appointed by the Commission. The investigation included books and payrolls of a sampling of inside manufacturers, jobbers and contractors and various union records.

The report, which has recently been published, confirms in general the gloomy picture painted by the union. For instance, since the rise of the jobbing system the average number of workers per factory was found to have declined from twenty-nine in 1914 to sixteen in 1924. Turnover of contractors was found to be exceedingly high. None of the inside shops investigated provided less than twenty-seven weeks' employment during the year, and the average was forty weeks; but 50 percent of the contractors worked less than twenty-seven weeks and the average was thirty-one.

The union now asks each jobber to confine his orders to a limited number of contractors registered with the union, and to guarantee to each of them a fixed number of weeks' work per season. If each contractor in the market is assured a steady supply of work from one or two jobbing houses for, say, twenty-six or thirty weeks each year, he will not have to seek work at any price so soon as the rush period is over. If the only method of obtaining work is through registration and steady employment, a considerable number of shops which pick up scraps of employment here and there by underbidding fair standards will be forced out of the industry. A certain number of contractors are already steadily employed. The report shows that 86 percent of the work done for the jobbers studied was produced by 18 percent of the contractors employed. The remaining 14 percent of the orders were scattered among a very large number of contractors. The union claims that the enactment of an already established practice into the law of the industry will not injure the jobbers, but will eliminate the competition of the precarious shops which constantly threatens the standards of the more steadily employed contractors.

The jobbers contend for their right to employ and discharge contractors ad libitum, in accordance with market demand and competitive bidding. They claim that it is impossible to predict the number of contractors needed or the amount of employment which will be available in any season. The jobber who, miscalculating the season, registers too many contractors will be least able to afford payment for the guaranteed period.

Should the limitation of contractors be recommended by the Advisory Commission and incorporated in the next agreements which fall due in July, 1925, success must depend, it would seem, upon the thorough organization of the market, the uniformity with which the scheme can be enforced, and the ability of New York to hold its own in competition with other centres not similarly restricted. About 90 percent of the shops are now organized, and New York furnishes 80 percent of the national product in cloaks and suits. There is in the industry a fifteen-year tradition of fairly successful joint administration agreements between a union and an employers' association. However, the particular associations upon which responsibility for the new scheme would rest, namely, the jobbers and the contractors, do not share in this tradition; they have participated in collective bargaining only during the last five years. They include the most highly competitive and individualistic elements of an industry in which neither workers nor employers have shown themselves readily amenable to the discipline of organization. The industry is, furthermore, used to changes. Will interference cause the stream of production to flow more smoothly in its present courses? Will pressure divert it into new and unexpected channels? Or will some extraneous economic event, like the shutting off of the immigrant labor supply, bring about a rise in standards and status of both workers and contractors, with or without regulation?

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Willa Cather

WILLA CATHER has arrived very quietly at her high place in American letters. Her life, her work and her personality have a simple unity and consistency that are frequently found in Europe but rarely in our own country, though she is the very sort of American whom Londoners would enjoy as "characteristic"—a woman with a western flavor in her speech and bearing that twenty years or so of residence on Manhattan Island have not rendered less invigorating. An editorial interview with her at McClure's Magazine in the old days—when her dreams as a writer were still unfulfilled—was like a draught of champagne. One felt life and impatience with life brimming and foaming in her, and went away roused and teased oneself by the sudden swirl and prick of bubbles rising from the depths. She lived then in Washington Square, she still lives near by, and likes to pace the paths below the statue of Garibaldi; if one hails her there on a happy spring afternoon, in her familiar clothes of some fresh brown or green—which challenge a little, as her spirit does, the blandishments of the passing age—her face in its fine maturity shines out with the self-same frankness of her youth, the same warmth and resolute strength of prairie wind and sun. Unless, of course, she has just happened upon some especially offensive gift of the year 1925—such as a paragraph in the gossip column of the press. Then her countenance contracts to closed and negative lines, and her whole person turns aloof and prickly with scorn and rejection.

If all our fiction writers had brought with them to the metropolis this power of rejection we should have had more fine American novels and fewer cheap successes. Willa Cather may not have had a richer creative endowment than many others. But she had more certainty of aim. More insight into the ultimate fruits of easy opportunity and popularity. More character, if one is to speak truly—and if character means certain old-fashioned virtues like faith, grit, determination and unremitting labor. One of the things that a young New Englander recognized most clearly in her long ago was a standard: a standard of living, which made of a modest existence and simple tastes something comely and satisfying; a standard of literary excellence which was based on deep love and knowledge of the "masters." She knew as clearly as a child the proper food of her spirit—Wagnerian opera, for instance, the stories of Merimée and Turgeniev, walks in Central Park, French wine and French cooking, the society of musical artists and old friends from Pittsburgh and the west. She was vigorous and single-minded and thoroughly unaccommodating in temper. The greater part of the people, the ideas, the aims, the social amusements that crossed her path were alien to her, and she made no bones of refusing them as unassimilable and unimportant. She must have been about thirty years old when I first met her, and her objective hung as clear as a new moon above the electric glitter of New York. She would have scorned to create her reputation until she had really earned it. She had accepted as final the hypothesis—or is it the fact—that a complete and loyal devotion to an art means a definite sacrifice of life. "Happiness,"—so she has put it in a story, commenting on Tolstoy's credo—"lies in ceasing to be and to cause being, because the thing revealed to us is dearer than any existence our appetites can ever get for us." A pioneer upbringing may be as fine an armor for art as it is for breaking the glebe, and Willa Cather, by those prairie roots of hers, seems to belong to a more steadfast, as to a more reticent generation than that of her literary contemporaries.

Her eastern existence has always had a western counterpart as essential to her as the soul to the body. Red Cloud, Nebraska, and its hinterland, which in the days of her childhood would have been considered a highly inauspicious place for a writer to grow up in, continues to know and cherish her as its leading citizen. Well it may, since the formative history of the state has been written down more literally as well as more lyrically in her pages than it ever will be in more strictly historical works—or in the stories of a later brood of mid-western novelists, more interested than she in surfaces. Now that her portrait by Bakst hangs in Omaha, now that My Antonia is translated into French and into Czech, and all the books have been translated into the Swedish language, it is natural that young students all over the corn belt should decide to grow to fame by writing up the farm neighbors. Yet how many of these hard-headed young realists will know how to contribute as she has done—with only Virgil as an early guide—to the sum total of happiness on lonely ranches? How many of them shall receive, when they move on to New York, culinary offerings addressed to the "best book writer in the world?" It was related in Hastings last summer that a certain old Bohemian farmer, who had been brought into the hospital, and who wished to recommend himself to his doctor's good graces introduced himself thus modestly: "I am the husband of My Antonia." The story dovetails very neatly with a paragraph towards the end of this same novel where the boy Jim Burden, studying his lessons in the lamplight, broods over his professor's explanation of a passage in the Georgics. *Primus ego in patriam meam—deducam Musas. I was the first to bring the Muse into my country.* "This was not a boast but a hope, at once bold and devoutly humble, that he might bring the Muse not to the capital but to his

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father's fields, sloping down to the river and to the old beech trees with broken tops."

A hope, a wish, they are one and the same when held with intensity. As Mr. Forrester, the husband of the Lost Lady once put it to his guests, it is the secret wish of the heart that turns great dreams—those of railroad builders, those of novelists—into constructive realities. Like most of the boys in Willa Cather's stories, Jim Burden, through whose eyes the story of Antonia is remembered, is in some sort an incarnation of the author. Reading it, I visualize as observer not a boy but a tomboy: a girl with a charming open face, obstinate blue eyes, and shingled red-brown hair; a girl who drew deep into her lungs the wild, free breath of the land to which she had been transplanted from Virginia, and in the grandiose human outline of its pioneer settlers from old Europe, standing against the broad fields and wide sky, beheld the figures of her destiny. There is something primordial in Willa Cather's voice, her eyes, her gestures, when she speaks of these figures today. It is clear that a few obscure lives—Bohemian, Swedish, French—have contributed as profoundly to the strength of her affections as the richness and glory of the untamed prairie, and its slow transformation into corn and wheat have contributed to her robustness as an artist. In the days when a wild little girl rode her pony twelve miles over the rough red grass of the Divide to fetch the mail—the letters and newspapers of the immigrant neighbors too, with their queer foreign words and strange colored inks—the unwritten history of the country was beginning in her heart, as she has recorded that it began in that of Alexandra, the pioneer woman. And from the hour, many years later, when she was able to renounce her editorship for the career of literature, it seems that her most illumined hours have been spent, not in scrutinizing or absorbing the present, as many writers do, but in looking backward with intensity to her "father's fields," as an Indian remembers the beauties of his legendary world. It is not accidental that O Pioneers and My Antonia have something of the force of myth or epic. "Mental excitement was apt to send me back with a rush to my own naked land and the figures scattered upon it. They accompanied me through all my new experiences."

Her books, provided one does not take them too literally, or in the order of their writing, are a better guide to Willa Cather's life story than any biographical dictionary. She has told us nothing yet in fiction about Virginia and her early childhood, though she sometimes speaks of them, recalling her revolts from certain polite feudal traditions and stratifications which were borne away on a wild breeze when she reached the Divide. We may think of O Pioneers, her first really achieved long story, as picturing rather closely the conditions which prevailed at the period of her arrival at her grandmother's, when the turf dwellings of the first settlers were being replaced by frame houses, and only great wills could dominate the wilderness, and great visions confront an uncertain future. My Antonia begins also on the Divide at a still more drastic era, which she knew from her elders' stories, some fifteen years earlier than O Pioneers in historical time, and continues into a later day when Red Cloud, (Black Hawk) the pioneer town and the lower road by the creek and the cottonwoods superseded the Divide in the girl's daily experience. The two novels together, supplemented by the early part of The Song of the Lark, weave a sort of tapestry pattern where the most radiant of Willa Cather's early memories, intuitions and impressions of the Nebraska patria on its primeval side stand out like a golden legend.

In A Lost Lady, and One of Ours, the most recent of the western novels, one feels a greater modification of memory by mature experience, and therefore less of sheer poetry. The former relates a literal human history of the Red Cloud region, in the days when the railroad building aristocracy lived along the Burlington. But while the image of Mrs. Forrester is enshrined by mellow visual impressions of sandy creeks and wide meadows and poplars which the story teller must have salted away these many years in the tears of youth, the romantic and disconcerting "Lady" herself stands before us in the light of a sophisticated knowledge which no young memory has in its stores. As for One of Ours, a book that the author ranks, for its stark outlines, above her other works, that brings the Nebraska farmer up to date—at least up to the dull, rich period before the War, when machinery had replaced hand labor, and sharp business methods the hardy faith of the pioneer. This, to her, decadent epoch, Willa Cather knew as a returned and sentimental pilgrim, rather than as a native daughter, and it may be that one reason why she so respects the artistic verities of her novel is that they wounded her so sorely as she set them down. She is enough of a Puritan idealist to take fidelity to disillusion as a sort of penance. The Great War—which one thinks of as the only "world event" which has greatly affected her—enabled her to make up to her "rough-neck" hero for the sterility of the present mid-western farmer's destiny. One of the most endearing things about this vivid and distinguished writer is a suspicion, humbly harbored, that she herself is a rough-neck in disguise who has only happened into fame. I feel in her sympathy for Claude a generous desire to help the others to their great adventure. But here her Muse betrayed her a little. For when Claude's adventure took him to France, it dimmed before our eyes. The prairie farm was the centre where the War affected Willa Cather, and the image of Claude and his mother clinging together "in the pale square of the west window, as the two natures in one person meet and cling in a fated hour" is the one that will survive. For this woman has to touch life at first hand, in order to create it

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So much for the western novels as bearing on symbolic biography. The Song of the Lark, the theme of which is the artistic evolution of a singer not unlike Olive Fremstadt, and which, in point of chronology falls between O Pioneers and My Antonia, carries over from the western childhood to the period of inevitable artistic and youthful revolt —"artist's youth"—which whirled Willa Cather out into the great world, as it did her heroine, to seek gifts and advantages which Nebraska could not give. She graduated from the university where she had supported herself by newspaper work at the age of nineteen, and having immediately found a job as dramatic reporter on a Pittsburgh paper, plunged eastward to cultivated joys like music, and human relations of which she had heretofore been starved. The best of the very promising short stories which she began to write at this time, such as The Sculptor's Funeral and Paul's Case—and these best are as fine as anything she has done since—derive their motive force not from the radiation of loving memory, but from the bitterness of revolt from limitations. Originally published in a volume called The Troll Garden, long since out of print, they were again made accessible recently in the collection of short stories called Youth and the Bright Medusa, most of which were written at a later period. Willa Cather's passion for artists, especially musical artists, has been only second to her passion for pioneers. This book, wholly concerned with art and artists, may be regarded as a sort of commentary on the contacts of the full and ardent Pittsburgh years —the singers and actresses who came through town to get the dollars of the iron kings—continued later in a New York of which music has been one of the basic nourishments. Coming Aphrodite, that glorious story that heads the volume and recounts the passing love affair of a young painter and a young singer in the Washington Square of the dear departed days, may be thought of, again in the quasi-autobiographical sense, as making the transition to the city as it looked to a young woman of twenty-eight when, with her own stirring artistic ambition to spur her, she came to join the staff of McClure's.

The magazine, under the stimulating direction of S. S. McClure, in the height of the muckraking era offered no real oasis for a writer of novels. Willa Cather was devoted to her "Chief," but she had as much resistance to muckraking and social reform then as she has to the psychology of Freud today, perhaps for the same reason. The spirit of the age, as I have suggested, does not greatly affect her at any time, and she fought the implications of the magazine world, all the six years of her stay in it. If she got some happiness out of a magazine assignment in Boston, that was largely because her sojourn there brought about a significant friendship with Sarah Orne Jewett, whose literary canons of honesty and perfection influenced her crucially at an hour when she needed the support of experience to make her visions actual. She produced, while still an editor, a number of short stories and a short novel called Alexander's Bridge. The latter represented in theme and technique more of a concession to popular standards than she ever permitted herself again.

Willa Cather herself says that the moment when she stopped trying to *write*—that is, to write according to an invented formula—and began to *remember* was the one when her literary vocation claimed its rights. It was then that the finer novels began to emerge from the matrix of her mind with the west as their most inevitable scene. O Pioneers is not a fabricated thing, but a true recreation of experience, and the act of writing from that day forth became also a recreation: a complete loss of self for three hours a day; "what poker is to my brother." One has only to look at her to know that she has had tremendous fun out of it all. Why should this be so, given the sacrifices and the labors of the craft? That, after all, is the most leading question about her or any other creative writer.

On the feeling side it seems that Willa Cather's satisfaction flows from the fact that her books are always transcriptions of friendships for people or places. Though she has distilled the warm and loyal admiration of her nature into the cool stream of art, her relation to her central character or country has remained intense and complete. And there is always a central personage in the books, like a priceless objet d'art on a drawing room table, whose interest and beauty are supreme. Willa Cather's great aim as a story teller has been, as she once explained to a group of English teachers, to get "across" to her readers something direct about this beloved object—as a boy would succeed in conveying to a sister just arrived from Europe his feeling about the girl he was engaged to marry. Sometimes she does this through description. Sometimes merely through characteristic speech. In any case character is conveyed.

On the intellectual side her fun has largely come in experiments with form. Color of a florid sort is more native to her talent than line, and her progress as an artist, to her own thinking, has come about by making color mean form. She has sought, in Robert Frost's phrase, the purification of her quality, and has accepted as her quality a certain sparseness and austerity in line and contour. Where she has tried for robustness and fullness of life, as in The Song of the Lark, she has failed in large measure. Yet she does believe in allowing herself considerable latitude in the general shape of a novel. She conceives that the form it has assumed for her mind's eye at the fiery second of its explosion in her consciousness is the inevitable one. There is always such an explosion for a novel, as for a poem, and the more closely the shape it tears is adhered to, the less it is tinkered with, the better the result.

Life for her, so far as her books as yet record it—with the exception of A Lost Lady—falls into two great patterns: the pioneer or farm pattern, with its immutable relations, father and daughter,

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sister and brother, mother and son, grandmother and grandchild, and its dumb, struggling ideals; the artist pattern, with its sparkling superhuman aims and ambitions, and its imperfect and fragile human ties. Through both patterns breaks, now and then, a great wave of overwhelming emotion from below the crust of things; that is her only interest in the "subconscious." Love, to the central character—always a woman up to now, save in the case of Claude, and often seen through the eyes of a subordinate male—is usually incidental to a larger career, usually illicit, usually devastating, or only happy for one poignant and lyrical moment. Remember, for instance, the tragic interlude of Marie and Emil, in O Pioneers. The author does not seem to believe in domestic bliss. As for the crust—the visual, tangible, natural world, though so dear to her, she knows to be only valuable to her characters where they touch, smell, look at it. The prairie lives in her books because human beings behold it and covet it. There Willa Cather is glad to be with the "elders," as she says, rather than with the imagists and the reporterial school.

The most complete expression of her artistic creed is to be found in the admirable preface to a selection of Sarah Orne Jewett's work that she has recently edited: "The artist spends his life loving things that haunt him, in having his mind teased by them, in trying to get them down on paper exactly as they are to him." And to achieve anything noble, anything enduring, he must give himself absolutely to his material. The gift of sympathy is his greatest gift, the fine thing which alone can make his work fine. "He fades away into the land and people of his heart, he dies of love only to be born again." Willa Cather's first great prairie death was in O Pioneers. But she died a similar death more nobly in My Antonia. She has died again in A Lost Lady and in the first half of One of Ours.

There is a river in the Wind River Mountains in Wyoming—one of her happy hunting grounds—that after leaping torrentially down the side of a mountain vanishes, with all its glittering waters, into the dark base of the mountain itself. But a mile further down the mountain in a deep, still pool green with marsh grass, another river starts, a gentle smooth-flowing, level stream. These two are one and the same. So Willa Cather conceives the artist's life as it should be; so, when one visits her in her book-lined rooms in Bank Street, one feels that it is. About the rooms are evidences of the more torrential course: paintings of Italy and the southwest; autographed photographs of famous singers and writers of European fame; lithographs of Czechoslovakia. Courbet's Georges Sand is over the mantel, and Keats—a Boston literary heirloom—is in the background. The author's skin is warm and ruddy, her eyes are sailor blue, her bluff, almost boyish address is modified by a little catch at the beginning of a sentence that might be shyness or just eager zest of life restrained by thought—as the river is caught in the weight of the mountain. And if she talks, as she may of her friend Antonia, with her fourteen children, who doesn't want to die because she would have to stop cooking, I feel again what it has meant to my friend to grow up in a land that was "not a country at all but the material out of which countries are made." A country "with motion in it." A country where she learned so young the happiness it is "to be dissolved into something complete and great."

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT.

Germany and the Guaranty Pact

NO QUESTION was more frequently asked of me—both in Paris and in America—after I left Berlin, than that which related to the proposed guarantee pact, which had been offered during my stay in Germany and was the main topic of conversation throughout Europe. Did Germany mean it? Was it one more German trick? Was it, by contrast, the final evidence of a new spirit in Germany, the resignation of pre-war and war aspirations?

Such answer as I could make to these interrogations was based upon five weeks of rather intensive examination of the views of a representative number of Germans, men in the Cabinet, leaders of the Reichstag, editors, and even the sadly discredited German professors, not to omit mention of the financiers. Broadly speaking, what I strove to discover was what Germans were themselves thinking for their future—what, assuming there was a new Germany, would be its foreign policy.

And quite naturally I began with what seemed in advance to be the beginning, namely Alsace-Lorraine. Did the Germans feel about the loss of this territory as the French did after 1870? Was a war of revenge and reconquest at the bottom and in the back of the German mind? Was any viable relation with France possible while Strasbourg and Metz were French? Did Germany still cherish the hope and the purpose to come back in the west?

Now the truth is that, to my very great surprise, I did not find a single German who disclosed any reservation as to the permanence of the loss of the Reichsland. Unanimously they asserted that it was lost for good and all, and that the loss did not constitute a cause for future trouble. In the very wide range of comment made to me by every sort of German the following might serve as a summary:

> We have lost Alsace-Lorraine by our own mistakes; we had a chance and we lost it. The people of Alsace

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> —not Lorraine—are Germans. They desire to remain Germans, but they prefer to belong to France rather than Germany. There are no protesting delegations sent to the French Chamber of Deputies as there were to the Reichstag after 1870. We regret that there was no plebiscite in 1919, but we know the result would have been favorable to France. No, you could not get Germany to fight to reconquer this territory.

Later when I went to Paris my friends on the French side, in many but by no means all cases, intimated quite politely that they thought I had been "had," that I was to be counted one more victim of the perfect and insidious German propaganda. Perhaps, but I don't believe it for a simple reason, the explanation of which might be regarded as an almost incredible change in the German feeling that had certain very practical aspects. I should quite misrepresent the impression I received if I suggested that the change were due to any fundamental transformation in German mentality or morality.

What the German explained with respect to the question of Alsace-Lorraine—and the broader issue of the western frontiers—was something like this:

> We have lost a war because the stupidity of our statesmen and the blindness of our public let us become involved with Great Britain. You Americans think you defeated us, but we Germans believe that you were brought into the War by British skill. We feel that England beat us and the decisive factor was not the military but the naval, the blockade. Moreover, we know now that Great Britain would never permit us to overrun France and Belgium.

Thus patently the renunciation of Alsace-Lorraine is no more than making a virtue of necessity, but the point is that the necessity is obvious and that having made the resignation the German discusses the whole dispute rather objectively. Knowing he can't get Alsace, he has come to the point of conceding that Alsace does not want to come to him.

German hatred of France is consuming and universal, but it is not founded upon the Alsatian issue. It is not based upon war facts. It has two very definite causes: first, the occupation of the Ruhr, which is transitory, for French evacuation is proceeding and most Germans know it will end soon. In the same category, too, must be reckoned the occupation of the Rhineland and the Saar. Secondly, French policy in supporting the Succession States of Central Europe. And no modus vivendi between France and Germany is possible in my judgment unless France renounces the latter policy, however complete the evacuation of German lands between the Rhine and the frontier of 1869.

But by contrast, my own conclusion was and is that, at the price of such renunciation on the part of France, Germany is prepared to make almost any concession in the matter of French security—and British—for of course the two are identical in the west. Once eliminate the traditional suspicion of French ambitions for the left bank of the Rhine, and present appreciation of French restraining purpose on the lower Vistula, the Upper Elbe and the Danube, and peace between France and Germany is, as every German told me, *garantable,* to use the current Berlin term, on the basis of the status quo from Fiume to Emden.

In reality there is a certain absurdity in the obvious fact that German statesmen, at least, appear almost as troubled about French security as the French themselves—not because they care about France, naturally—but because they are satisfied that unless France feels safe on the Rhine she will mount guard on the Vistula, the Elbe and the Danube. Before 1914 and during the War, many Germans dreamed of general expansion in all directions, on the sea, in the distant continents and in the west as well as the east of Europe. The War, in my opinion, has taught them certainly not to accept the frontiers of 1919, but pretty definitely to renounce the idea of naval power or western European expansion.

The War taught both the British and the German people that the security of Britain is locked up with that of France and Belgium. This truth has pretty generally been accepted in Britain. It is gaining ground in Belgium. It is the profoundest lesson of the War, I believe, for the Germans. But for reasons which are perfectly comprehensible, it has found lodgment less easily in the French mind. Nevertheless it is making gains, and but for the Hindenburg election might have been sufficiently established before now.

As to France, I think it would be the testimony of every informed visitor that there survives not the smallest effective aspiration to annex German territory beyond the frontier of 1869, or that the occupation of the left bank of the Rhine represents anything more than the naked desire for security. The Rhenish Republic and all subsidiary follies have been completely exorcised in the last six years. Moreover—and this is the excuse for this wandering—the truth of this is pretty clearly perceived, not popularly in Germany, not in certain extreme Nationalistic circles, but among sensible and informed Germans fairly widely.

Germany has still a colossal ambition for herself. She has not the smallest intention of accepting as final the frontiers which were made for her in 1919, as a totality. But she has learned that she cannot fight England and that she cannot disturb French or Belgian security without encountering England. That, it seems to me, explains the present offer of Stresemann for a general security pact in the west. That also seems to me to justify the belief that the offer is sincere and does not cover any ultimate contrary design.

I think I can make my own impression clearest if I say that my German informants did not, in discussing the guaranty pact, speak of it as a one-sided

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affair. It was not an experiment in pure benevolence. Nothing of the sort. It was a price that Germany offered to pay for a free hand in other fields, and a price which to the German seemed reasonable, provided value were received. I believe that the German offer of a guarantee pact is sincere and honest for the simple reason that what the Germans offer is the least possible price at which they can obtain something they want and are willing to pay for.

In the World War Germany learned one great lesson—namely that she was not strong enough to challenge the west combined, which was the foundation of all Bismarckian policy. She discovered that Britain mounts guard on the Scheldt and the Meuse in the twentieth century as completely as she did in the eighteenth or nineteenth. The Luther-Stresemann pact proposal is the first coherent indication that future German policy is to be based upon this lesson. It is the appreciation of the fact that the real guarantee of French security, as well as Belgian, lies in the intimate association of that security with British. But it is also quite as patently the disclosure of a purpose to go elsewhere.

FRANK H. SIMONDS.

Here Comes the Bride

WESTERMARCK, if you have read Westermarck—but perhaps you have not . . .

Say then that you are traveling in China. You are traveling conscientiously with a guide book and you have read Giles as well as Smith. You set out early in the morning to see temples and sit up late at night memorizing dates. All for the sake of understanding China. But on your way back from a temple or a palace some hot evening you hear cymbals, catch sight of a scarlet-curtained chair borne ceremoniously through the streets, red and gold, banners, music, marching—hurrah! What is it? Hurry up, chop chop—what are the banners for? Where are they going? Why? . . . Think of it! Who'd have guessed we'd see a real wedding? And in half an hour you have sifted through your coolie's pidgin English an understanding of China worth all the tombs of all the Emperors. You can go back to Centerville and be an authority on it forever.

Perhaps you have been to Touraine and seen a bridal party marching from drink to drink behind its accordion for three whole days together—

"Aupres de ma *blon*-de"—

and so carried an especial amitié for Touraine away with you, and patronized those who know only the Chateaux. Perhaps you know whether Eskimo brides wear white fur wedding gowns, and if their dowries are blubber. If you do, you know more about the Eskimo than a dozen statisticians. The wedding is a window to a room with no door. Decidedly it is to look through.

What then? You are—O Babylon, O Carthage—in New York. You are a stranger. A droll people these Americans—a strange country, so full of contrasts and melting peoples (isn't that the phrase?) and seething civilizations. Who can find a key to it? You can, dear sir (or madam). Luckily it is after Lent, and June is here. You have only to take the newspaper and turn to the advertisements. Ovington's announces that it is the season for brides (Westermarck, if you have read Westermarck, will confirm it). Turn to the society page and read the account of yesterday's wedding—study it, read between the lines, find someone who has been to it, procure an invitation to the next one. One fashionable wedding undertaken with care will provide you with a knowledge of the country to which long study of the social structure, the church, the constitution and the art monuments is external. For in a wedding, for an instantaneous fragment of time, these things are all summed up, the manners, hypocrisies, traditions, problems, conditions, conventions, prejudices, superstitions and institutions of the country focussed, in one perishable moment, all at once.

I say a fashionable wedding. In a democracy it is best to consider only what lies close and dear to the hearts of the common people.

Now Miss Leila Lemon stands at the altar. She has sworn what the state, by a right guaranteed it in the Constitution, requires her to swear. She has paid two dollars, and she is about to receive the more expensive sanction of the church upon her nuptials with Mr. Henry Van Blick Caughey. Outside the hushed cathedral a nation holds its breath. For Miss Lemon is a bud upon a mighty vine that twists back, back, two generations into the history of the country. Indeed, this stem is in some places so closely intertwined with the history of the country that the two can hardly be pulled apart. Its tendrils have even fastened themselves to the majestic Constitution and made its sombre sides look less severe. American Business, its early struggles, its courage and creative genius, its determination, foresight and tireless energy, is the past upon which Miss Leila Lemon flowers. American Business, with its outlook and ideals, is the future before the young man at her side who is fumbling with the ring.

But the significance of this wedding is even more than that. Such a union of painted lily and gilded youth touches a poetic chord in the American heart. Love at Palm Beach and Southampton—what Romance! The marriage of fertile millions, of Fifth Avenue with the fashionable Sixties, of intensive cultivation with expensive education—what Success! It is the epitome of human aspiration. Novelists and moving picture producers have an almost vested interest in such an example of a popular climax. But the sanction and applause belong to the whole of society, and so the whole of society, whether it draws up to the church in a French motor, or reads the illustrated papers on its way to work, participates in this wedding and is a part of it. The whole thing is less the private affair of Miss Lemon and Mr. Caughey than if it were a treaty with San Salvador.

And so, freighted with all this significance, the service goes forward. The Bishop intones like any Pope, the organ blows inconspicuously under soft stops, and Mrs. Geoffrey Dill in the fifth pew asks her husband how much he thinks the flowers cost. Mr. Dill, who used to be religious, replies: Hush. But the fancy never is at home, and through this ill-timed question it escapes to a continent of timely speculation. Just consider, for instance, the businesses and services and professions that feel the repercussions of a wedding: florists, caterers, photographers, bootleggers and police are only the most obvious. Think

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of the dress-making industry—the great department stores, the modistes, the milliners, the wholesalers and retailers and importers, the unions and shop committees and mutual aid societies that are involved in a wedding gown and trousseau. And the profession of beauty—what secrets culled from palm and pine, what unguents and ointments prepared, what appointments made and broken, what waves put in and washed out, what massage, what manicure, what mud! Not only that. Think of the men's furnishing trades, the boot and shoe industry, the sleek salesmen, the exquisite tailors, who are thrown into confusion by a marrying man about town. The wedding is the symbol of even larger ripples in the commercial pond. Think of the advertisements that have been scanned, the stocks of furniture ransacked. There is real estate: agents for attractive apartments in the Seventies, agents for exclusive apartments on Park Avenue, agents for quaint apartments in the village, with mauve goats frescoed on Italian walls; for remodelled farm houses in Connecticut; for estates on Long Island, five masters' bed rooms, fine view. The Great Industry, too, is involved with all its problems: the new married couple is going to buy a car. Finance: they have some trifling checks from relatives to invest.

There remains the press. No paper could maintain its circulation that did not print details of at least one wedding every week, and a picture of at least one society bride hot from the altar. And so Miss Lemon's wedding is in the mouths of City Editors the country over—wires hum with it, batteries of cameras click, cohorts of lady reporters coax for details. The respectable papers print respectable reports, the vulgar papers print vulgar reports, the radical papers print no reports, and so the press is brought into play in all its usual colors.

Blare goes the organ. The maid of honor performs a miracle with the train, and bride and bridegroom sweep away. What a charming wedding! The attendants were in orchid though everyone understood it was to be pink, but otherwise the ceremony went off without a hitch. Let's hurry and get to the reception before the food gives out. Let's hurry and get to the reception: these clothes are uncomfortable but we don't often get a chance to air them. Let's hurry to congratulate dear Leila. Let's hurry, says Mr. Dill to his wife, and get the blame business over. In a word, everyone hurries to the reception.

Good old Vanity Fair. Here is your chance to see just how fair it is, and how vain. How much truth is in it? How much grace and art in behavior; how much awkward conventionality and bad politeness? Take statistics if you like and work out the percentage for yourself. This is Society.

The presents are on exhibition. How delightful! Here at any rate are motives frankly exposed, for on these long tables, catalogued like a museum, lies the excuse for all the ballyhoo. Don't dare to wonder behind your expression of dazzled astonishment if the ballyhoo was worth it—remember that so many gold coffee cups are so many dollars' credit, that the bulgiest vase is yet exchangeable. And remember that nothing so purely expresses taste as a wedding present. For your own overembossed teapot you can always plead that it *is* ugly, but *so* useful. A wedding present is never useful. You have no admissible reason for sending it except that you think it's beautiful. So here is contemporary taste cross-sectioned and spread out before you. There are gold pier glasses and pink jardinieres—these, with heirlooms, from grand-relations. There are oriental rugs, Italian chairs, and solid respectable things from the middle generation. Contemporaries have sent cocktail-shakers and glasses in serried dozens. A whole section of people run to Chinese lamps, another to old books (The History of Honduras, London, 1816; Belknap's handbook of British Rodents, Edinburgh, 1851, etc.) in effective new bindings. Intellectuals always give such original presents—blue and orange crockery, old bibles in Russian, impressionistic wood-cuts, volumes of verse autographed by the most recherché authors. There are eighteen old maps, a dozen Italian linen luncheon sets, a whole collection of early American bric-a-brac. These are the fashionable gifts this year. In short, the opinions of five hundred discriminating people are here committed to matters of art and decoration; their taste is impaled for all to see, like a butterfly on a pin. It is a time for you to learn the true spots and colors of some most illusive insects.

"If you will be kind enough to pass this way, sir," says a butler who is the flower and pattern of all butlers. You sigh. He is hired for the occasion, this echo from the stately days when servants were servants. Look at him, and think of labor-saving devices, of small apartments with beds in the wall, of communistic meals in tin containers. This phantom symbolizes one of the principal parents of American invention. He is the servant problem, ironically incarnate.

You pass this way, and discover an excellent champagne, in which you are easily persuaded to drink the bride's health. So is Mac, the policeman on the beat, who is having a little glass with Meadows in the kitchen. Vignette. Prohibition adapts itself to nutshells.

If you care to dance, there is an orchestra upstairs. The bridesmaids are already there, dancing with the ushers. Or else they are sitting with the ushers on the stairs. They are dancing and sitting with equal freedom, and discussing among other things the fossils who sit along the walls—jolly old bigots of the previous generation. The jolly old bigots have raised their eyeglasses to focus on a problem and a menace: What are we coming to if young people go on behaving as they do nowadays?

And now at last there is great jocularity and a passing of confetti: the bride and groom are about to make their dash for private life. It is a time to observe contemporary humor. The bride and groom, while the wedding ceremony lasts, are still a generalization. All the problems of marriage and family—transient and perennial—are summed up in them. What about equality, divorce, economic independence, two careers in one family? There's birth control, there are a thousand medical and psychological theories about children, there is—Oh indeed there is—Education. There are all the subtle compromises of living together, the question of old college chums, of mothers-in-law. The bride and groom now symbolize every one of these potentialities of married life which occupy more than half of the attention of all of the people in the United States. But in a moment, when the bride has found her lipstick, and they've galloped through a storm of rice to their car, they'll be actually engaged in living, and then the symbolism will fall away, the focus will blur, and they'll become just one more young couple with just enough breath to thank heaven *that's* over.

And men with brooms will sweep away all that remains of an epigrammatic comment on our life and times.

E. VINCENT.

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Washington Notes

SOME time back, in this place I pointed out the extraordinary publicity advantage of the President with Congress away from Washington. It leaves him as the sole source of news for a couple of hundred correspondents who must have news even on the hottest days. If anyone doubts that Mr. Coolidge in his frigid and unsmiling way is utilizing to the full this recess advantage, any analytical scrutiny of the Washington dispatches of the leading newspapers of the country ought to be convincing. Here Mr. Coolidge a week or so ago makes a nondescript and evasive so-called States' Rights speech in which he advocates local self-government so long as the states solve their problems in the right way, and federal interference when they do not. He ignored the question, who is to be the judge of when the states are right or wrong and the obvious fact that under this conception almost anything can be justified.

If Congress had been in session when this speech was delivered, with any number of Democratic, Independent and Progressive Senators and members of the House easily accessible to the newspaper correspondents and anxious to comment there would have been some pretty warm rejoinders to this Presidential poppycock. It would have made some real news.

Yet what happened? Every word the President said was swallowed by the correspondents and their supposedly analytical and interpretive dispatches fairly reeked with grease. It was hailed as the soundest and most inspiring utterance that had come from the White House in years. It was pointed out as tearing the very foundations from under the Democratic party.

Could anything be more absurd? I cite this instance of the recent speech not because it is in the least important but because it is absolutely typical of the Washington publicity situation and illustrative not only of the past but of what we may expect in the future.

There is not so far as I know in Washington today a single daily newspaper man, no matter what his personal estimate of the President, who ever writes a critical word of Mr. Coolidge. Nor is there so far as I know any important paper in any state outside of the south in which there ever appears a note of dissent or the slightest evidence of hostility. On the contrary there is a chorus of press praise so overwhelming as to be without precedent. Mr. Coolidge is painted as a man without a flaw—as not only the embodiment of every virtue but with a wisdom, courage and capacity rarely seen in the White House. His name is linked with those of Washington, Lincoln and Roosevelt in lists of the greatest Americans and the newspapers all over the country print these lists without laughing. I expect to see the time when his will—at least in the Curtis papers—appear at the head of all such lists.

Propaganda has killed the American sense of proportion. The degree to which the present White House occupant has been sold to the American people is the most astonishing piece of political salesmanship that has ever occurred in the country. Analysis of what has been done and the way it was done ought to be of infinite value in the future to practical political managers and manipulators. More plainly than anything else it shows the extraordinary degree to which the people will absorb certain kinds of propaganda under certain conditions. It has reached a stage where the more stereotyped and stupid of the regular Republican organs regard as wicked anyone who in speaking or writing of Mr. Coolidge does not concede his greatness.

There is however nothing really of a harmful nature in the way this publicity business is being managed under this administration. Under some other and more virile administration it might easily have highly injurious results but not under this one. Except to those who object to the heroic proportions in which Mr. Coolidge is painted and the conveying of any misleading impression to the people about any public man there is little of which to complain. The reason of course is that this is the most completely stand-pat and stand-still administration we have ever had.

It has nothing to "put over" except the idea that things are lovely the way they are and that Mr. Coolidge is by long odds the man best fitted to keep them that way. Perhaps they are and perhaps he is. Certainly the country seems satisfied with both. What's the use of asking how long it will last? Nobody can answer.

The best informed men with whom I have recently talked tell me that the Dawes campaign to change the Senate rules has about flopped. Mr. Dawes's speech in Birmingham was not what might be termed an uproarious success and the public interest for the time being has waned in him and his subject. As for the ultimate outcome of his drum beating and tom tom playing about the country the best judgment is that it will be exactly nothing. A recent poll taken by a news agency among Senators showed more than the necessary third against Dawes.

The one crop which the Vice-President will reap however is the settled and cold dislike of the members of the Senate regardless of party. Those who have the most virulent distaste for him are Republican Senators who come up for reëlection next year. By increasing the popular feeling of hostility toward the Senate generally Mr. Dawes has increased the difficulties of a considerable number of Senators who had difficulties enough without that.

To say that they resent his attitude and activity is putting it much too mildly to be accurate. Some of them cannot talk about the Vice-President without sputtering like a firecracker.

As they drift in here from time to time Democrats who came into contact with William G. McAdoo on his recent trip east reveal that at Hot Springs, here in Washington, in New York and in Louisville he saw enough people and said enough things to make his candidacy for the 1928 Democratic nomination too plain to doubt.

What he wants with it is hard to understand except on the theory—and it is a pretty sound one—that no man who seriously cherishes Presidential aspirations can ever see his own case clearly. It ought to be easy to grasp the undeniable fact that no one nominated by that New York convention could have won last time. It ought to be just as plain, unless there is a most radical change in the country, that the nomination will be worth just as little and perhaps, if possible, less next time than it was then.

But Mr. McAdoo does not think so. With unquestioned sincerity he contends he could have won and can win. If the idea keeps him happy, for heaven's sake let him hold on to it. There are so few happy Democrats these days.

T. R. B.

Washington.

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"This Little Girl"

THE night club is an added diversion, not a primary one; it serves to reunite parties divided or depressed by the theatre, and postpones the fatal moment of separation. In addition to its two natural attractions, drinking and dancing, it subsists largely on its social quality, of being an extra pleasure, an extra expense; prohibition has added the spice of illegality; the night club flourishes.

At the first one I ever went to I saw the vast and vastly jeweled hand of Diamond Jim Brady directing what was then known as a chicken through a fox trot; Maurice Farkoa, as I recall, sang Un Peu d'Amour, and Miss Ethel Barrymore was recognizable among the patrons. The champagne was still a novelty and the cloakroom girl helped you to put on your coat with a pretty gesture. The touch of sentimentality, the faint suggestion of the perfumed illicit, the felt presence of the great world, must still be part of undergraduate life, in spite of one's persuasion that all college boys at cabarets are far too drunk to know what is going on. The cabaret still has a tricky glamor which refuses to wear off, but I doubt whether it has room now for naïveté.

It works, obviously, on the assumption that apart from the music, which must be good, the patrons will not be critical. "This little girl" is none too often a headliner, but she need not be. The intimacy between floor and tables has been established by the patrons themselves. The introductions by Ted Lewis or Tex Guinan are hearty, but ironic; the entertainers are always from Sandusky: What does it matter, they are so vibrant, so strikingly pretty, so sparkling in the generosity of their gratitude for your applause. You are in fact from Sandusky yourself, and a part of the show, so that although you sit at a floor-table, you are far less conscious of the entertainer's make-up than you are in M at the theatre. The abominable sentimentality of My Kid in a broken tenor (or an unbroken soprano) is received with thunders of applause, not all of it ironic, and instantly the dancers are on in a Charleston; the befuddlement of emotions is too much, there is only one escape, and the waiter, if you are friends, provides it.

Until it reaches the saturation point the crowded floor is an enchantment. Since our dancing is so much a matter of whim to which the music gives beat, but not line or pace, it is only when the floor is crowded that you dance in unison. You have to follow a given route at a given speed; and the tyranny is broken by a superb elation as you figure out that there will be five feet of clear space at a certain moment, and plunge for it. If you have courage and a good rhythmic sense, you intensify the pleasure by falling out of the beat of the orchestra, dancing on the off beat, or picking up a wayward instrument and letting that guide you until itself falls into the major rhythm.

The exclusive clubs under high social patronage undoubtedly have their points, but they are bound to lack the best part of the show, the patrons. Above a certain financial level, and as soon as it leaves the farm, America goes to a cabaret (read any issue of Variety to discover how the cabaret has spread out from the great metropolitan centres); it goes with abandon on Saturday nights, but it goes also on weekdays and somewhere between one and one-fifteen a. m. it decides to throw its bonnet over the mill and make a night of it. There are, to be sure, pallid restaurants which close at one, but the business man who has a heavy day tomorrow subconsciously stays away from them. For him the dance club is a small orgy; in its course he meets everything against which he is working; leisure and laziness and incontinence; carelessness of time and of money; what seems to be an impertinent indifference to getting on. These actors and actresses and writers who do not have to get up until two the next day; these stout men who clean up at the races; these girls who are no better than they absolutely have to be; these gilded youths and wastrels and rich men who might become so much richer. The clamor and the highballs and the dance have broken down his resistance; he suddenly fears that these others have made a success of life, that gaiety and—and all this—*are* success. The natural resentment of every man against office hours and routine, the resentment which during the day he reshapes into a false brutality and a false devotion to "the crockery game" find relief in his envy and self-pity. He has a head the next morning, but he is a better man. Like Mr. Edward Bok, who liked music because he found that he worked better after being present at a symphony concert, he has had a catharsis of dangerous emotions, and is rested.

Not the business man alone. The pace at which America takes the industrial era makes ours a civilization of which the basis seems to be a lack of leisure. This is not the same thing as a lack of sport or entertainment, for our sport and entertainment are both "something to do," and leisure essentially is the feeling that you can, if you will, do nothing. Our writers who are always in a hurry to finish their next novel are as bad as our business men in a hurry to finish their next million; we do not space out our activities, but rush them together and are hurriedly late for business appointments and for dinner and for the theatre. The dance club takes the place of the recreation we could get by loafing; there the pretense that we must hurry, a pretense which becomes an actual imperative as we transmit it to our clerks and waiters and salesmen, is utterly abandoned. Into two or three hours we concentrate the release from practical affairs which in another age might be spread over three weeks. We are still eager, still form vast combinations: Aphrodite and Dionysus together are not enough, and we add in several of the Muses, to all of whom our worship is partial and vulgar—but it is, after all, the only kind of worship we can give them. It is a strange altar, without dignity and without pretentiousness, and if those ancient gods are as indulgent to modern men as they were to their own people, they will accept the electric light and the wheel of color, the mocking caricatures and the plush sedilia, as they accepted the games and the mysteries of another time. They will remember that their favored Greeks, after a cycle of three noble plays, produced a satyr play as a grotesque mockery of the sombreness of the others, and that this satyr play, if it lacked austerity and intellectual fineness, was still an essential part of the humanity for which the gods loved and protected the Greeks. And they may take it that civilization has passed through three eras and in each produced its great drama; and that, as America inherits, it also produces its drama in praise of the gods, and it is the moment for the satyr to appear. A mission not exalted, perhaps; it will leave little record in history. But it may be for only a moment; and the satyr, in an age of gods without kindliness, is not to be contemned.

GILBERT SELDES.

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America and the Artist

MR. GILBERT SELDES in a recent issue of the New Republic revived what might be called the classic debate of American culture: Should an American artist stay at home? Mr. Seldes holds that the artist is at home wherever he chooses to settle. And he cited excellent instances in favor of his contention. He was indirectly seconding Mr. Edmund Wilson who, also in the New Republic, had reproached Mr. Van Wyck Brooks for writing an admirable book about Henry James without more than a word about the novelist. Mr. Brooks of course was writing about Henry James the exile; and had employed him as a symbol in his own thesis which is contrary to that of Mr. Seldes. It seems to me that the considerations and examples presented by both sides have suffered, because they were neither specific nor general enough. Perhaps the exiles of Joyce, Stravinsky, Picasso were successful; perhaps the pilgrimage of Henry James meant failure. If a law or a rule is to be sketched from these instances, the elements that enter into them should be essentially understood. One might study the basic idiom of the Arabesque which Picasso brought with him from Málaga, or the basic folk-voice with which Stravinsky came away from Russia; and plot the intellectual transfiguration of these primary materials by the schools of Paris. Or one might attempt to correlate the chaste designs which Henry James desired to produce, and the American chaos from which he escaped in order to produce them. One might at the end decide that James was a shrewd tactician, saving his art by retreat; or that Picasso was a brilliant culturist, enhancing his art by transplantation. Yet the general and haunting problem of the artist in America, which unconsciously inspires all these arguments, would be as untouched as ever.

This problem of the artist is after all not unrelated to the question of his materials. In some manner, the successful creator organizes a fusion between what we call his will, his vision or his experience on the one hand, and what we call "life" on the other. Both the creative will and the workable objective material must exist, else there will be no art. Now with this simple idea to illumine us, let us venture into the specific dilemma of the American artist and the American world.

The first thought to occur, is that this material of ours is still inchoate; it has not been digested by the conceptual activity of previous generations of American artists and thinkers; and in this it is abysmally apart from the native material of the European. The Arabesque, for instance, has been an essential form in Andalusian life for so many ages that Picasso must have absorbed it as instinctively as he did his language. Ages of cultural selection have simplified the expressional background of European peoples; these simplifications beget traits and provide tools for the European artist which he can take with him: moreover, the relation between these concepts in different European countries is so close, that deeply a European artist remains at home, wherever he is, in Europe.

A concept is an essence; and it can be transported. Or, to shift the figure, if one belongs to a world which has culturally refined its gold, one can leave that world yet take the gold along. But if one has had the fortune—good or ill—to be born upon the scarce-scratched surface of an unmined Treasure, and if one indeed wants that Treasure for his own—then, it is necessary to get down and dig.

This, it seems to me, is the very human crux of our classic problem: Should an American artist stay at home? The answer may be left to him. He will seek the material fitted for his creative will. To the peculiar will of Henry James, of Whistler, of Ezra Pound, it seems clear that the right material was best available abroad. The point of vision of these artists was static; they required a fixed focus wherefrom to trace in leisured sureness the Appolonian intricacies of their designs.

The creator who yearns to weave ever more intricate glossses upon a given fundamental statement of life is fortunate if he is born across the water. France, for instance, will provide him with a completely conceptualized experience which he can build on and variate forever. And if such a man is born in America and yet feels drawn to the after all not too-distant cultures of Europe, it is idle and limiting to America to begrudge his departure.

But there is an altogether different kind of artist: he who rejects the fixed limits of any established cultural status, and whose will it is to forge the parabolas of chaos into unitary form. This creator might broadly be termed the religious artist, in so far as his purpose is to bind together what appears confusion, and to make whole what strikes the sense as multiform and diverse.

If an artist of this kind is born in America, he is fortunate indeed. For he inherits a world particularly apt for his purpose. The *life* of America is a stupendous symbol of the human chaos which such an artist beholds in all life ere the transfiguring magic of his unitary vision has been worked upon it. And yet the implicit *Idea* of America is symbolic of just such a unitary will. America, in other words, is a multiverse craving to become One; it both challenges and invites the purpose of the religious artist.

This American will to be One is manifest in every noble chapter of our history. More encouraging still, it is the very theme of our follies, the very essence of our most ignoble social acts. It is the ideology shallowly applied, of our new bar on immigration. It is the unconscious factor in our sumptuary laws, in our pathetic efforts to legislate uniformity of morals. We are not One; and we desire to be One. The whole American Scene is hence a symbol on a human plane of the sort of activity which takes place in the mind of the religious artist. It provides him with the challenging material; it energizes him toward creation.

The Middle Ages in central Western Europe established a similar apt symbol for the religious artist. Europe was a turbulent chaos in material and fact. Yet it possessed in the ideal Body of the Catholic Church a unitary will. It was this marvelous conjunction of material and will in the objective world, with material experience and will within the artist, that made possible the success of Dante, of Aquinas, of the Gothic architects, of the polyphonists—a success not equalled in the modern European epochs, whose art has been for the most a wistful echo or a frustrate fragmentation of that last great Synthesis.

The American artist whose will is to join in the tristful litany over the dissolving body of European culture does well, like T. S. Eliot, to live abroad. The American artist who feels within himself the power to add to the intricate glosses of that culture does well, like Ezra Pound or Henry James, to live abroad. But the artist who is tempted to the task of forging new organic life from chaos may bless his stars if America is his home. For in all the world, there is no symbol of this chaos so potent and so pregnant.

Moreover, the failure of artists of this high aim hereto-

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fore in our land, need dishearten no one. It is true that the athletic will of Poe was not supported by a consonant strength of nerves. It is true that Melville broke down. It is true perhaps that Whitman sounded little more than a summons. But failures of a kind so heroic—and all within a century—will, we may be sure, discourage only those whose intimate desire it is for their own comfort's sake, to be discouraged. WALDO FRANK.

Sixty-Five Years of Realism

IN Trelawny of the Wells (revived for a week in New York by the Players) Pinero dramatized the revolution in the English stage which had begun in the early sixties and which was complete and a matter of history by the time the comedy was produced (in 1898). Before the sixties, it appears that the drama in England was not only at its artistic nadir but had also become unfashionable: the theatres were considered so uncomfortable and so vulgar that cultivated people would not go to them and the social prejudice against actors was extreme. We are likely to think nowadays that Pinero is caricaturing too grossly when he makes his actors engage in a loud and violent brawl in a London drawing-room, but it is probably difficult for us to realize the dishonor into which the profession had fallen. At any rate, it was not until the Bancrofts had their theatre upholstered and taught their actors to speak good English instead of, like Mr. Telfer in Pinero's play, a language half cockney and half highfalutin, that the stage became respectable again. So Pinero symbolizes the social change by having his actress marry a Vice-Chancellor's son and his Vice-Chancellor's son go on the stage.

What was most important to the Bancrofts, however, was Tom Robertson's discovery of the modern realistic comedy; and so Pinero puts Robertson on the stage as the actor-playwright Tom Wrench, who dreams of a theatre which will show everyday people such as one actually knows instead of ridiculous theatrical dummies and of a set with "real doors with real locks and real door-knobs—real door-knobs that turn!" And when Tom Wrench's first comedy is put on, he horrifies his old associates by assigning the principal parts to young men and women with presentable accents in preference to the veterans of The Peddler of Marseilles and by training them to behave naturally on the stage. "Where will all these wild ideas lead?" cries Mrs. Telfer, who has in her time played thirteen stage queens. "It will run its course," replies the dramatist, "until some new wild idea takes its place."

Pinero himself, who rose with the realistic movement inaugurated in England by the Robertsonian comedy of the sixties, has lived to see this movement pass its maturity and become threatened by a "new wild idea." He has perhaps even felt its influence. One of his latest plays, The Enchanted Cottage, produced in New York three seasons ago, seemed to sound an echo of the reaction against realism which has manifested itself in such tendencies as "expressionism," "non-representational acting" and the cult of the "lively arts." What Pinero produced, as a matter of fact, was merely a conventional enough fantasy; but the instinct that prompted it seemed plain: he had realized that naturalism, which had reached its culmination in Ibsen, in Hauptmann and in Chekhov, was already in process of breaking up. "Breaking up," in connection with the realistic drama, is a particularly appropriate phrase. Naturalism on the stage, as in the other arts, was a product of scientific ideas and had much of the rigidity and the machine-like logic of the science of the last century: it tended to cramp the imagination. But when the new sensibility of our time found these formulas too narrow for it, they could not simply return to the poetic drama: the artistic falsity of Rostand and Stephen Phillips shows how impossible this has become. What was desired was to find a form more flexible than the old naturalistic ones; but the best that the modern dramatists—themselves deeply imbued with the naturalistic ideal—have so far been able to accomplish is to break the old formulas in pieces. Thus the so-called expressionistic plays are full of the fragments of the drama of Pinero and Ibsen, bent, syncopated, turned inside out, but unmistakably from the original structure.

As to acting, the present writer has never had a very clear vision of what is meant by non-representational." But if there is to be a new kind of drama, it will doubtless develop a new acting appropriate to it. Our modern realistic acting must already be rather different from the kind which the actors are represented as being taught in the last act of Trelawny of the Wells. There are certain phases of John Drew—who played Sir William Gower in the New York revival—which probably go back to this period; one suspects that some of his gestures—as when he signifies deprecation by a movement forward of his arms with the palms of the hands turned in and the fingers of the right hand held pen-shape—should be preserved in a theatrical museum. At any rate, this century seems likely to witness an escape in many departments of human activity from the mechanical point of view of the past: science itself is tending to throw overboard its old conception of hard and fast natural laws whose relentless chain of cause and effect determines our lives and to realize how much is a subjective illusion of what we formerly took for objective certainty. And nowhere is this readjustment more obviously needed, nowhere is it likely to prove more interesting than in the theatre.

There is much talk in Trelawny of the Wells of the "panto." At the Follies last fall one was surprised to encounter something which has not been seen for many years in America: an old pantomime performer. Lupino Lane did not seem at home in the New Amsterdam—his comic falls and his eruptions from traps were out of key with an entertainment where we are accustomed to see an Eddie Cantor or an Ed Wynn. But they took one back to the "extravaganzas" of years ago produced often on that very stage. The extravaganza—Blue Beard, Babes in Toyland, Humpty-Dumpty, The White Cat, etc.—was the American equivalent for the English Christmas pantomime and a great event of the holidays. It was quite affecting to see Lupino Lane kick his hat across the stage at the very moment that he stooped to pick it up and perform other tricks which one had practiced at home when one got back after the show. Now he is in the Shubert revival of The Mikado but he seems as much out of place there as he did in the Follies: the only way which lies open to him for putting over Gilbert's songs is to do a little tumbling after each stanza. It is not that he is not an accomplished performer in his line: when he was at the Follies he was advertised as making the most difficult ascent from a trap in the history of trap-jumping. But the American stage has no longer any place for him; there is no longer any demand for demons and live scarecrows and sorcerers' apprentices. One wonders where children are taken nowadays.

EDMUND WILSON.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Teaching and Believing

SIR: I read with great interest in the issue of May 13 the letter of D. H. P. on Secularizing Education. As a Jewish graduate of a Pacific Coast institution, seeking a position as high school teacher, I have found that there exists a definite prejudice against non-Protestant teachers.

A few years ago a school board very rarely required a candidate for a position to state his religion. Today that has become an important question. Last fall I applied for a position in a town in Western Pennsylvania, and my application was promptly returned because I had failed to state my religion. A far better sign of the times is the application blank I received from a town in Eastern Tennessee. This blank at one time had contained no question as to the applicant's religious affiliation, but that question has now been added in ink.

That rural Pennsylvania school boards also impose a religious qualification for teaching, is shown by the following incident. I registered with a prominent teachers' agency in this city, and the manager very frankly informed me: "I wish you were a Protestant, sir. There is a strong prejudice in the rural regions against Jews, Catholics, and Christian Scientists(!)." Since that time I have not heard from the agency.

One is often advised by citizens of country towns not to register in such and such a town because "they don't hire Jews." The larger towns and cities, of course, are still open to teachers of all religious affiliations, but if there is no end to the matter, the country schools will soon be closed to all but Protestants—and Fundamentalist Protestants, at that.

SAMUEL S. WHITE,
Reed College, '24.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Fundamentalism in Tennessee

SIR: The article Tennessee Goes Fundamentalist by Mr. Royce Jordan in your April 29 issue, although it is commendable in many respects, contains several erroneous statements. One of these is that the $1,000,000 for buildings and the $800,000 annual appropriation "came as part of a program of expansion and statewide service of Dr. H. A. Morgan, the new President of the University of Tennessee." The facts are that the increased appropriation was made by the legislature under the administration of Dr. Brown Ayres, and came as the result of the broad and enlightened policies which had been pursued by Doctor Ayres through a long series of years. Furthermore, the university is by no means so lacking in importance and influence in the state as the article seems to assume; under such presidents as Doctor Ayres and Dr. Charles W. Dabney it was not only—to quote Mr. Jordan's phrase—"the logical leader of enlightened opinion in the state," but, with the coöperation of such men as Prof. P. P. Claxton, later U. S. Commissioner of Education, and Prof. John R. Neal, it effectively directed legislation on educational questions in a broad and constructive way. Nor is Tennessee lacking in high-minded and courageous educators at the present time, as may be clearly seen from the vigorous protests which were made against the bill by Chancellor James H. Kirkland of Vanderbilt University and President Bruce Payne of George Peabody College, as well as by many of the more liberal and broadminded ministers of the state. Opinions will therefore differ as to whether the silence maintained by the present administration of the university on the anti-evolution bill and the failure to take an open and straightforward stand on the issue presented is so easily excusable in the educational world as the article suggests. In any case I am fully content to leave this matter entirely to the judgment of others. But I do not feel that I can pass over so lightly another one of Mr. Jordan's statements, which seems seriously to call into question the good faith of certain former professors of the University of Tennessee, of whom I was one. Thus he writes, p. 260, that "certain professors, dismissed from the University for rather complicated reasons, succeeded in making the whole country think that it was because they were evolutionists." Situations that are absolutely simple and are entirely free from any complications rarely arise, but it is a matter of record in the present case that the administration suppressed summarily—and without consultation with the professor concerned—the use of Robinson's Mind in the Making, and shortly dismissed the professor. It is also undisputed that five professors who showed some disapproval of these high-handed and arbitrary methods were later dismissed from their chairs on various charges brought by the administration. I am not aware, however, that any one of them has sought to mislead the public upon the issues involved, as the language of the article might seem to imply.

The views of the New Republic upon the question of the dismissals were expressed as follows in an editorial of May 28, 1924: "The University of Tennessee prefers go-getting growth to scholarship. Where intellectual and vocational interests conflict, it advances the vocational. Its conception of scholarship is narrow and conventional. . . . It has an inferiority complex that makes criticism intolerable." It is scarcely necessary to add that the New Republic editorial called forth much favorable comment and was widely reprinted.

Finally, the American Association of University Professors at its annual meeting, December 27, 1924, adopted resolutions which touch both upon the "complications" and upon the essential principles involved. These resolutions are as follows: (1) That the complications which led to the dismissals could have been easily composed by a wise administration. (2) That none of the dismissals was justified. (3) That conditions such as have been disclosed in the University of Tennessee are detrimental to the purposes of the institution and to the interests of higher education in general.

ROBERT S. RADFORD.

Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio.

Reversing the Universe

SIR: While it is only a slip of the pen, the misquotation from Herbert Spencer in your review of the life of Gompers reverses the whole order of the universe—"From the indefinite, incoherent heterogeneity to the definite, coherent homogeneity." You have the words "homogeneity" and "heterogeneity" transposed. This beloved homogeneity, or absolute sameness in our national life is a curse, which evolution is trying to get away from. What Gompers was thinking of, if he ever wrote the quotation that way, was unity. But we find no unity in any merely homogeneous mass. France was a medley of warring states in her early homogeneous condition. Paradoxical as it sounds, there is no harmony in the merely homogeneous, and certainly not definiteness and coherency. Only as we ascend to highly differentiated individuality and recentralization of authority do we become united as peoples. From the homogeneous to the heterogeneous is the law. You cannot improve on Herbert Spencer, who I believe has written the last word on essentially fundamental truths.

GEORGE L. REES.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. Kopp Didn't Say It

SIR: In your issue of May 13 you comment on the alleged indiscretion of Mr. Kopp, Soviet Ambassador to Japan, who was reported to have made a speech in Harbin, on his way to his new post, in which he referred to the Russo-Japanese treaty as a scrap of paper. Since your editorial appeared Mr. Kopp has categorically denied the report, in both the Japanese and Russian press. In addition we have now received a copy of Izvestia (Moscow) of April 30, which contains the following illuminating item:

> On April 20 the Director of the Japanese news agency Nippon Dempo addressed an official letter to Mr. Kopp, the Soviet Envoy, expressing regret over the fallacious advices communicated from Harbin by the agency's correspondent. The Director stated that his agency has published an announcement to its readers in which it explains that it was misled by a telegram communicating a fictitious speech by Mr. Kopp. The Director begs the Soviet Envoy to consider the incident closed.

We trust you can find space for this correction, in justice to Mr. Kopp.

RUSSIAN INFORMATION BUREAU.

Washington, D. C.

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Roosevelt and Lodge

Selections from the Correspondence of Theodore Roosevelt and Henry Cabot Lodge, 1884-1918. Two vols. 1119 pages. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $10.

WARNED no doubt by the untimely fate that has befallen some great men at the hands of indiscreet administrators and genial editors, the late Senator Lodge decided to take no chances with fortune. He knew that his relations with Mr. Roosevelt were a matter of vital interest to the country, and so he arranged the scenery and painted the portraits himself by making his own "selections" from the correspondence with his distinguished friend. To say that these letters have been edited by Mr. Lodge, is to say that the labor has been done with taste, circumspection, and propriety. As a human document this work has an immense appeal. It reveals in more than a thousand pages, closely packed with intimate letters, supplemented only by an occasional note of explanation, choice phases in the intellectual and political life of two Americans who loomed large in their day. From 1884 to 1918, the authors of these letters were in almost constant communication on public and private affairs. Their friendship was sincere and affectionate. They advised and encouraged each other through nearly forty years of public service. They told each other about the inside methods of the political game. They exchanged views on passing events. They discussed seriously and fully the play in which they acted their parts. Letters exchanged by men so powerful in their time cannot fail to make a furore among those who love memoirs, reminiscences, and footprints of old days.

To the historian, however, in quest of new and searching light on the great issues and events of the time, the work will prove a disappointment. Indeed, these pages reveal no hidden passages, no dark back stairs, no secret caverns of politics. They will not yield to the most assiduous inquirer a single new capital fact of prime significance for the epoch of more than thirty years covered by them. The best that can be said for them in this relation is that they illuminate many issues and events already well described in authentic records now before us. From other papers left by Mr. Roosevelt, it seems that he did not always let Mr. Lodge into the inner recesses of foreign affairs, or if he did, Mr. Lodge thought it discreet to suppress those passages in their correspondence. The important things in the world are seldom written down in black and white.

If this work tells us little that is new about the Roosevelt age, it does throw an intense light on the political equipment and moral evolution of the heroes in the story. They started out as "reformers." At least they were early damned by that name. But the reforms which they advocated were not revolutionary. They believed in reducing the inflammation of the spoils system, in ballot legislation, and in the election of clean men to public office—that is, men of education and character, like themselves, who would not take bribes or touch tainted money. "The purification of politics" was their prime concern. It is true that the great questions which were to vex the early years of the twentieth century had already been raised when Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Lodge sprang into the arena in 1884—conservation, trust control, income and inheritance taxes, railway rate regulation, popular election of Senators, and national ownership of timber and mineral lands—but the discussion of these issues was confined to obscure circles not frequented by our voluminous letter writers. At all events the epoch covered by these papers was almost half over before anything more than a casual mention of any great economic questions appeared in the exchange of opinions.

Nor is it easy to find here any positive concept of politics, such as may be found for example in the writings of James Madison or Alexander Hamilton. Mr. Lodge appears to have been singularly eclectic in his methods, moving from one instant need to another with marked dexterity. About the deeper forces operating in politics he had little to say. Mr. Roosevelt was somewhat more definite. He looked with distrust upon the great leaders of business who refused to support him, and upon organized labor which steadily displayed Democratic proclivities—officially if not actually. "This 10 percent or whatever it may be," he commented, "includes the bulk of the big business men, the big professional politicians, the big lawyers who carry on their work in connection with the leaders of high finance . . . their representatives among the great papers, and so forth and so forth." The mass of the party, he added, was made up of plain people who might "revolt" if they were convinced that the 10 percent were not leading them right (ii, 370). Mr. LaFollette's program, which now looms larger on the statute books than that of either Mr. Lodge or Mr. Roosevelt, was characterized by the latter in 1908 as "fool radicalism."

Judging from these letters, both heroes in the scene were almost equally vague with respect to the essential character of the "imperialism" to which they gave their hearty endorsement.

Mr. Lodge, the sensitive, almost wistful scholar in politics, does not appear in these papers as an advocate of fighting for the joy of the slaughter, although he does count with pride how he "walked up to hit [a German pacifist] and said, 'You are a damned liar' "—this in a letter that looks curious when placed beside the facts in the case. On the whole he had a rather pragmatic outlook on the imperialist game: it was good for business. Referring to uncertainty about the Philippines in the summer of 1898, he said, "I hope they will at least keep Manila which is the great prize and the thing which will give us the Eastern trade" (i, 337). In 1903 he took the economic view of the Far Eastern question: "Our people everywhere are waking up to the importance of the Eastern commerce and in certain localities the feeling is very strong. I have had letters from Lawrence, where some of the mills make cotton goods which go to Manchuria, urging the strongest possible action and then demanding that a fleet be sent . . . It is the same way with the cotton mills of the South and much the same with the flour interests of the Northwest, who send a good deal of flour to China" (ii, 15). Two years before, Mr. Lodge expressed the opinion that a war with Germany or some European power might come "at any time" on account of the pressure of American business competition. Then he went to the heart of the matter: "The economic forces will not be the ostensible cause of trouble, but they will be the real cause, and no one can tell where the break will come" (i, 487). He did not foresee the formula: "The War for Democracy."

Mr. Roosevelt, however, was more reticent about economic pressures—at least as far as this record goes. He appears as the robust man who enjoyed fighting because he enjoyed it and who thought wars at proper periods necessary for the maintenance of the manly virtues. When President Cleveland twisted the lion's tail over Venezuela,

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Mr. Roosevelt forgot the "morals" of the Democrat, and exclaimed, "Personally I rather hope the fight will come soon. The clamor of the peace faction has convinced me that this country needs a war" (i, 205). The next year he expressed the conviction that "if we ever come to nothing as a nation it will be because the teaching of Carl Schurz, President Eliot, the Evening Post, and the futile sentimentalists of the international arbitration type, bears its legitimate fruit in producing a flabby, timid type of character, which eats away the great fighting features of our race" (i, 218). Mr. Lodge likewise thought that the love of peace was materialistic (ii, 539), and that Carnegie in his peace propaganda was merely advertising himself and making muddle-headed appeals to sentiment (ii, 268). In short, imperialism is fine for trade, and blood-letting is fine for virtue. That seems clear, but no balance sheet is struck by our mentors. They do not attempt to show that the trade bought by blood and treasure brings in profits to the capitalists commensurate with the cost to the taxpayers. Neither do they list the virtues that spring to life full-blown as the bayonet tears its way through the vitals of some foeman drafted from his materialism to the kingdom of the spirit. Have not the people of the United States the right to ask for such a balance sheet from those whom Providence in His infinite wisdom calls to rule over them? At least a ruling on the point should have been secured from Mr. Solicitor Beck before his retirement full of years and honors.

The same deep longing for righteousness (ii, 198) that moved Mr. Roosevelt in framing his imperial concepts marked his conduct in domestic affairs. Very early in his career, it is evident from these letters, Mr. Roosevelt formulated an ethical theory of politics. He made his decisions, he thought, in such a fashion as to leave his open opponents always in the wrong. On no vital matter was his assurance as to perfect rectitude sicklied o'er with the pale cast of doubt. When he and Mr. Lodge were attacked by the Mugwumps for loyalty to Blaine, the hero in the Mulligan comedy, Mr. Roosevelt could answer that "certainly the Independents have little cause to congratulate themselves on a candidate of Cleveland's moral character" (i, 4). He thought that Sedgwick and Godkin "were suffering just at present from a species of moral myopia, complicated with intellectual strabismus" (i, 5). Champions of free trade seemed ethically deficient. "Thank God I am not a free trader. In this country pernicious indulgence in the doctrine of free trade seems inevitably to produce fatty degeneration of the moral fibre" (i, 204). As governor of New York, he felt that his course had been impeccable. "I have made the machine act with absolute decency and have never yielded one hair's breadth to it on a question of morality or principle" (i, 444). Again, "the business of the state is managed with entire honesty and entire efficiency" (i, 455). President Wilson, it is not surprising to discover, was also on the wrong side of the ethical barrier between good and bad: "As a matter of fact, I know and you know, from what Root has said to us, that he is just as convinced as we are that Wilson's motives have been base" (February 5, 1917, ii, 493). Even the people who voted for Mr. Wilson partook of his deficiencies: "It is dreadful to think that some millions of Americans will vote for Wilson [in 1916]—including men like President Eliot. They can't so vote without incurring moral degradation" (ii, 492).

On other occasions Mr. Roosevelt's moral judgments were even more severe. The independent Republicans who voted for Cleveland in 1884 were "the cursed pharisaical fools and knaves who have betrayed us" (i, 10). When the Evening Post attacked him it did so "with its usual virulent and lying malignity" (i, 48). Godkin and others of the "better element" who opposed Mr. Roosevelt's candidacy for Mayor of New York, "acted with unscrupulous meanness and a low, partisan dishonesty and untruthfulness which would disgrace the veriest machine heelers" (i, 49). A short time afterward, Godkin seemed even more odious: "How I despise the lying hypocrite" (i, 55). In 1888 the Mugwumps were still banned: "For rank mendacious dishonesty, they certainly beat the world" (i, 66). Later in the same year Godkin was described as "a malignant and dishonest liar" (i, 74). John Wanamaker had a "sloppy mind" and was a "fool" besides (i, 118). The "Goo-Goos" or good-government reformers were set down as "prize idiots" for nominating an independent ticket (i, 182). Two Democrats of the old school received a rating: "Gorman is as cheap a scoundrel as exists. Hill is a scoundrel too, although of much higher grade" (i, 220). The silverites in 1896 scaled the heights: "There is not a crook or criminal in the entire country who ought not to support them" (i, 224). Pettigrew, the anti-imperialist, was simply a "hound" (i, 448). As for Bryan: "What a thorough paced hypocrite and demagogue he is, and what a small man" (i, 478). The troublesome Senator from Wisconsin was summarily disposed of: "LaFollette as a type is considerably inferior in morality and capacity to Robespierre" (ii, 494). Others were better or worse according to time and circumstances.

In expressing himself on President Wilson, Mr. Roosevelt laid aside the rapier and took up a weightier instrument:

> I think this administration is the worst and most disgraceful we have ever known . . . Wilson is the worst President by all odds we have had since Buchanan with the possible exception of Andrew Johnson . . . Wilson is astute and conscienceless . . . Wilson with his adroit, unscrupulous cunning, his readiness to about-face, his timidity about any manly assertion of our rights, and his pandering to the feelings of those who love ease and the chance of material profit . . . Wilson as accessory to the deeds of the German governmental murderers, both before and after the facts . . . His extreme adroitness in appealing to all that is basest in the hearts of our people . . . To think of the folly of having cursed this country with the hideous misfortune of four more years of Wilson . . . Wilson's cold and selfish wickedness . . . His hypocrisy, his inefficiency, his rancorous partisanship, and his selfish eagerness to sacrifice all patriotic considerations to whatever he thinks will be of benefit to himself politically . . . (ii, 456, 459, 472, 478, 490, 498, 503, 526, 535).

In contrast to gentlemen of this class, Mr. Roosevelt saw himself as a plain, modest, trustworthy American citizen. Writing to Senator Lodge in the spring of 1904, he said, "If I win at all this year it will be because the bulk of the people believe that I am a straight-forward, decent and efficient man, upon whose courage and common sense, no less than upon whose honesty and energy, they can depend." No doubt the verdict at the polls confirmed him in this conviction.

CHARLES A. BEARD.

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Our Aesthetic Shame

The Creative Spirit, An Inquiry into American Life, by Rollo Walter Brown. New York: Harper and Brothers. 233 pages. $2.50.

THE common opinion of cultivated people in all parts of the world is that the spiritual life of America is deplorable. The sentiments with which this opinion is colored vary, of course, according to longitude and nationality. Europeans are apt to be quite complacent about it: the vulgarity of America is a matter of national pride in Europeans. Americans, however, especially young Americans residing in their native land, survey their contemporaries with chagrin and their ancestors with dismay. Now it is impossible to doubt the facts by which these sentiments are inspired. America has not taken the lead in any of the arts. She has not even brought forth men of talent (or genius) in anything like the same rate per thousand head of population that is natural to various European countries, while if the artistic product be measured in relation to the national wealth the discrepancy is so unfavorable to America as to cause hot blushes all up and down the Atlantic seaboard, and smiles of polite derision from Christiania to Naples. Yet these feelings—which are invidious and so fall just a little short of complete urbanity on both sides of the bisecting ocean—are not provoked by facts alone. An argument intervenes. It is argued that the culture of a people is a natural expression of the genius of that people, and consequently such a deficiency, being natural, is inevitable and unalterable and may safely be taken as the index of the ultimate worth of their civilization. As they are, so shall they always be.

This argument assumes different forms. Europeans, both here and abroad, find it easy to accept without qualification. But patriotic Americans are usually able to interpolate conditions. This, to be sure, is the fate we have richly merited for our sins. But we may yet, perhaps, experience a change of heart. We may drink more deeply of the cultural streams that flow out of our remoter past, and, by studying Greek grammar in the public schools, equip ourselves to compose noble symphonies or plan sublime cathedrals. Or we may make peace with the soul of America, furnish our houses with Navajo blankets, and compose poetry in the manner of the Iroquois. Then again we may adopt the single tax and hymn the brotherhood of man.

The condition upon which Mr. Brown pins his hopes and fears for better years is the unstifling of the creative spirit. "Mr. Brown believes that the creative spirit is being stifled in the United States today by the leveling standardization of education, art, and modern industry." So we are told by the publisher. There is a good deal in it. Turning from one department of life to another, the author is able to exhibit a convincing amount of complacency and regularity, and when he comes at length to the unpleasant task of summing up the evidences of æsthetic experience among middle-class Americans, his balance sheet shows an impressive deficit. And yet his essay is instinct with hope from cover to cover, as the advertising men would say. Why? Because he believes in the individuality of art and the potency of the environment. If we lack an art, that is not because no individual artists are struggling to produce one for us, but because we do not appreciate them and provide for them. In the first instance we subject them to the subduing and regularizing discipline of our machine economy, and our "middle-clawss m'rality," as the old codger in Pygmalion calls it. In the last instance, we erroneously suppose that an artist profits by having to "overcome" a hostile environment. What we should do is most perfectly embodied in the artistic haven created by Mrs. Edward MacDowell. For a national art: endowed studios.

This view is not unfamiliar, being the opinion of most people who have never given the matter any special thought, but it is not entirely satisfactory, nevertheless. By giving money to beggars we can be pretty sure of encouraging the development of bigger and better beggars, but the case is not quite the same with artists, even when we temper our charity with the most distinguished consideration for the temperamental needs of the peculiar fellows who paint and poetize. No doubt any measure which has the effect of making the life of an artist easy, secure, and delightful, will have the further effect of increasing the number of professed artists, and if there is anything in the law of averages some good should come of it by sheer force of numbers. Yet it is doubtful if the laws of chance apply to the creative spirit. Artists are not so much oppressed by the mechanical routine of factory life as some people suppose, since after all they are not subjected to it. What they are subjected to are the indurated traditions of their arts. The blasphemies they utter are against Raphael or Beethoven. It is sad, certainly, to think of the personal difficulties encountered by a man like MacDowell who is most sincerely intent upon the pursuit of his art and the cultivation of his countrymen. But Mr. Brown does not seem to realize that MacDowell's complete absorption into the prevailing German style of composition is often cited by his younger countrymen as the perfect symbol of artistic failure.

In short, the difficulty with this statement of the conditions for success is that it is too simple. The argument is too obvious, just as the argument is upon which people tacitly assume the inherent inferiority of America. No one can say exactly what are the ideal conditions for artistic achievement because no one but the achieving artist knows what that accomplishment is going to be. The deliberate cultivation of the arts, whether it is undertaken by sympathetic and impersonal agencies or by interested patrons, turns out for the most part assiduous and ingenious imitation the effect of which is to flood the market with works done in an established style or mode, to impress this style upon the public with all the authority of the official patronage, and so make any departure from that style by an original genius all the more difficult not only because no one is patronizing him but because no one will buy the work of such an impudent young whelp. The general indignation of the "lesser" artists toward such an outstanding figure as John Sargent is due not to the fact that this man of superb talent has chosen to expend it upon what Roger Fry once called "applied art," but to the suffocation of all the innovating painters by the universal admiration of Mr. Sargent's finish. No doubt it is desirable that we all be as hospitable to the arts as we are capable of being. But each one of us must temper his pride of cultivation with the realization that he may be patronizing the wrong thing.

What, then, is the right thing? The only answer we have to this question is the one that is delivered by civilization as a whole, and that varies more or less unaccountably from period to period. Has any people ever been less hospitable to the arts than it was capable of being? After all, our deficiency of culture is a deficiency of European

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culture, and our contribution to civilization may be not so much a swelling of the stock as a change in styles. Our barbarity may now contain not merely the germs of a European exfoliation but the full-flowered realization of creations which even we have not yet fully appreciated. Perhaps this is not the place for me to remark the vast æsthetic superiority of American design of automobile bodies over all the European cars, chained as they are to the chariot wheels of the ancient baronial equipage. Elie Faure cites American architectural achievement in just one field: reinforced concrete grain elevators, and it remained for Milhaud and his brothers to give artistic recognition to the American folk music by stealing themes from phonograph records of American jazz. We have the cornucopia of plenty. Upon whom shall we pour it?

C. E. AYRES.

Charting Societal Behavior

Outlines of Sociology, by C. M. Case. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 980 pages. $3.75.

SOCIETY, its evolution and its present structure, remains such a complicated nexus of variables that we are still pretty much in the dark about just how it functions. Fortunately each year adds to the number of studies of the problem. Besides the admirable volume by Park and Burgess, An Introduction to the Science of Society, we now have another compilation of source materials which include over three hundred pages on modern social problems.

To clarify and unify the readings the author has given us a brief introduction to the book as a whole in addition to a short explanatory section before each chapter. Although any selection must necessarily lack valuable material and perhaps completely satisfy no one, the reprints in the present work have evidently been chosen with great care and are fully up to date.

Unfortunately, sociology is still groping her way towards a uniform classification. Any new work should help us by its arrangement to piece together the various factors which go to make up the pattern of group behavior and social evolution as a whole. If we are interested in an automobile we can study its total mechanism or we can study each of its parts, understanding clearly their relation to every other part. While the phenomena of group behavior are infinitely more complex, we should constantly approach nearer to this goal. The classification of the present work does not achieve this result. In Part I under Social Evolution the author attempts not merely to give us material on the nature and field of the social sciences but on social phenomena, personal attitudes, social values, race, environment and culture, and all in one hundred and fifty pages. The selections are good so far as they go, but in the available space are hardly adequate; especially is this true of the biological factors. To be sure, additional references are given at the end of every section. In the next division, on social origins, perhaps the most complete and satisfactory of all, we find over three hundred and fifty pages. In Part III, Social Processes, the references are admirable, but it seems strange to have but twelve pages devoted to the entire subject of "social organization." The brief section following this on "group behavior" would have been less confusing as it appears in the table of contents had it been clearly labeled to indicate the material it contained, namely, contagious mass behavior. In the last part, on social problems, the selections are again good but too brief. For example, the entire subject of "crime and its treatment" is given in fifteen pages with only three readings. There seems to be little logical relation between the problems considered; they might just as well have been totally rearranged.

In spite of these criticisms the work is far in advance of much of the material now being given in elementary sociology courses. The admirable bibliography and the questions at the end of each section offer an oportunity for further assignment on each topic. In the hands of a skillful teacher, and used for its collateral reference material, it should prove very valuable. In the judgment of the present reviewer the standard sociological text-book of the future will have to be in the form of a compilation, and probably by several authorities working together.

JEROME DAVIS.

Two That Could Be Spared

The Virgin Flame, by Ernest Pascal. New York: Brentano. $2.

It Is a Strange House, a play by Dana Burnet. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $2.

LEISURE is not a profession in good standing among us. The dilettante feels called upon to apologize, or what is worse, to produce. And since the realm of gold and iron repels, he must needs divert his energy into the field of art. Thus we are swamped with deliberate self-revelations, and those who should constitute our great audience are perverted into our small poets. It is all a concomitant of the age which wants to be shown. To feel is not enough. One must endow his emotion with a market value.

But the redeeming pendulum does not falter. Even as we scale the peak of dollardom we are already on the swing toward a more contemplative ideal. The very art which is turning the artist into a self-made man expresses dissatisfaction with itself. Just now it names the thing which offends it Jazz. We are pictured as slaves to the siren thumping of the machine, with every aspect of our life drawn into its rhythm.

On the stage the dream-medley of The Beggar on Horseback is caught, repeated, varied, until now it has become idiom. Processional transcribes it into more tragic stuff. The Neighborhood Playhouse translates it into the ballet. It is flashed on canvas as Derivative or Abstraction. In music it has long been common parlance. And in the wake of more sturdy pioneers, such authors as Pascal and Burnet become explicit about it in books which are highly significant as straws in the wind, and profoundly unimportant as reading matter.

The one writes an indignant novel about a musical genius who finds life difficult. The other, a play whose chief difference from those mentioned is that it is less adept. It presents stark allegory, relieved by characters who somehow manage to breathe, and by a pleasant tweak of the creation myth. A thoroughly intelligent piece of work, such as any college graduate with diligence, a little talent and a good deal of discontent might hope to achieve.

Of the two, the play represents our more enlightened attitude. We have learned to stand off and ridicule ourselves without undue excitement. Our theatrical effect is gained by repression, not by ranting.

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But after all the tearing down—never before—we begin to ask, "And what then?" It is in response to this weary after-questioning that the very folk who have risked everything for the privilege of self-expression, conclude that it is self-communion which matters, after all. The expression may follow, or it may not. What really counts, in the words of Burnet's Streseman, is "to make contact with the beauty and the wonder of the world," and to make contact with oneself in relation to that beauty. If the inarticulate meditation of a Hindu seer is the outcome, that is the form of self-expression right for the individual. We shall have more music, and infinitely less noise, when those hoarse souls who love melody shall dare to sit by and listen.

BETSY GREENEBAUM.

Five Books on Art

Gaston Lachaise, by A. E. Gallatin. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 53 pages. $10.

THIS book on the work of Gaston Lachaise is an able communion of effort between A. E. Gallatin, who wrote the introduction, Charles Sheeler, who made the photographs for the 16 plates, and D. B. Updike, who designed the book itself. Short of a visit to a Lachaise exhibition, this is the most satisfactory means that has yet been offered of becoming acquainted with the severe voluptuous forms to which he has given life. It is interesting to learn that Lachaise was once an assistant to Paul Manship, for he has turned Mr. Manship's archaic flair into a modern and necessary personal expression. Some of Mr. Lachaise's work has already found a home for itself in one or two of our great New York office buildings: his sculptures, voluminous and rhythmic, are patterns for what is best in our architecture, and one regrets that the most monumental of Mr. Lachaise's conceptions was meant for that necropolis of administrative offices, the A. T. & T. building. How much better the spectacle of a Frenchman like Lachaise, finding himself in New York, than that of an American like MacMonnies, losing himself in Paris!

The Nature, Practice, and History of Art, by H. Van Buren Magonigle. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 319 pages. $2.50.

IN three hundred pages Mr. Magonigle, an architect, known best perhaps for his monuments, attempts to deal with the nature of art, with the technique of the arts, and with the history of painting, sculpture, and architecture from early times to the present. He writes with intelligence and vigor: but the result is of course only a guide-book, illuminated here and there by perceptions which deserve a better setting. A useful book if treated as an introductory syllabus, to rouse investigation rather than to satisfy it. Unfortunately, it lacks an index, and it tapers away too suddenly after Rodin and Monet, so that it gives scarcely a hint of the great insurgence of energies which marks the last forty years.

An Artist in America, by Maxwell Armfield. London: Methuen and Company. 120 pages. 15s.

MR. MAXWELL ARMFIELD'S graphic records of his long stay in America have the charm of a colorist who frequently sees the significant without, perhaps, being able to grapple with it and present it. Mr. Armfield's Brooklyn Bridge is mere prettiness beside Mr. C. H. W. Nevinson's painting or Mr. Walter Pach's etching, but it is to bridges and grain elevators, as well as to Hopi Indians and mountain landscapes, that Mr. Armfield turns. His observations of society are wide in range, and usually intelligent; and by the mere fact that certain names and places seem queerly out of focus while others which we are not always sufficiently aware of are given sharp and true definition, he makes more than one useful contribution to our self-knowledge. Having been here half a dozen years, he escapes the a priori theses and the distorted insight of the usual traveler.

One Hundred Drawings, by Abraham Walkowitz. New York: B. W. Huebsch. 122 pages. $10.

ABRAHAM WALKOWITZ celebrates the broad human qualities, the strength of humble men, the joy of lovers, the leap of summer landscapes, the irrelevant ecstacy of the great city at night. His technique is sculpturesque and modern, but he never allows it to override the sentiments and emotions for which it is the vehicle. It is a pleasure to find the work of a man who is still young gathered into a book and heralded by four different critics: Charles Vildrac, Henry McBride, John Weichsel, and Willard Huntington Wright. This is perhaps a step towards the happy day when American artists will have a public that will prize the pictures of the living, instead of doing homage to the pecuniary astuteness of art dealers when the artist is past being either honored or helped.

Art Studies: Mediaeval, Renaissance and Modern, edited by Members of the Departments of the Fine Arts at Harvard and Princeton Universities. Princeton: Princeton University Press. 133 pages. $3.50.

ALTHOUGH these art studies are of prime interest to the specialist in that they deal with subjects like the stucco altar frontals of Catalonia or a comparison of an original snow-laden pine by Okyo, and a copy, they hold a great many things for the pedestrian student of art, and in their sumptuous format and excellent illustrations would grace—one hopes for more than casual display—the most dignified of library tables.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

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